

WORK AND WIN

An Interesting Weekly for Young America.

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No. 297.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1904.

Price 5 Cents.

FRED FEARNOT'S • FRIEND • FROM INDIA; AND THE WONDERFUL THINGS HE DID.

By HAL STANDISH.



When the Hindoo raised his hand, another hand, forty times larger than his, shot through the door of the dining-room, seized the drummer around his waist, raised him off the floor, and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. The waitress screamed and dropped her tray of dishes.

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FRED FEARNOT'S FRIEND FROM INDIA

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The Wonderful Things He Did.

By Hal Standish.

CHAPTER I.

FRED AND HIS FRIENDS ONCE MORE AT OLD AVON.

One day Professor Brown entered the office of the New Era Company and asked for Fred Fearnot.

"Professor, he is out on the lake somewhere, I believe," replied Joe Jencks. "At least I heard him say at lunch today that he was going fishing above the bridge. If you wish to see him without delay, I can send a messenger for him."

"No. Don't give yourself any trouble. I can wait till later in the day. I wanted to see him about going up to Avon. You know the graduates of that institution are to meet on the occasion of the reunion."

"By George, I had forgotten about that!" remarked Joe.

"So had I," put in Dick Duncan.

"Well, I thought probably you had. I have a letter from Professor Lambert telling me that he is expecting all four of you to attend."

"Well, I don't see how all of us can go," remarked Dick.

"No, we simply can't," put in Joe.

"Boys, that won't do. You mustn't go back on the old institution. Professor Lambert counts on every graduate being present. By the way, I suppose you've heard that the Advocate is a mother."

"Yes, we had heard of it," said Joe, "and we also heard that the child is a boy."

"Yes, that's true. I suppose you have heard that he has been named Fred?"

"Yes," said Dick. "We heard as much."

"Well, probably you haven't heard why he came to be so named."

"No, we have heard nothing farther about it. If he is

named after Fred Fearnot it is a little singular that Fred was never notified of the fact."

"Well, I'll explain that to you in a confidential way. The Advocate's husband wanted to honor his father by giving the child his name. The mother was willing, but Professor Lambert insisted that he should be called Fred Fearnot, but said that they could tack on as many more names as they pleased, and so they had a quarrel over it."

"What! You mean to say that they actually quarreled about it?"

"Yes, that is just what I mean. I have it straight from the professor himself. He insisted so strongly upon it that he actually had to threaten to disinherit somebody if they didn't let him name the child."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed both Dick and Joe.

"Yes, such is the case," continued the professor. "He said that Fred was the most talented graduate of the institution, and he insisted that he should be so honored."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Joe Jencks. "I never dreamed that the old professor would ever cross the Advocate in anything, as she has always been the 'boss' in that family."

"Yes, so she has been," admitted the professor. "It was one of the greatest disappointments in the old gentleman's life that the Advocate did not succeed in capturing Fred. Understand me now, I'm speaking confidentially, and I might say that her mother was equally as much disappointed. What the Advocate's feelings in the matter were I never knew, but I suspect she was considerably disappointed herself, but from all I can hear I think she is very happily married. Her husband is a very gentlemanly sort of a fellow, but she rules him just as she has always ruled everybody about her. In other words, he is simply a figurehead."

"Well, the girls had heard that she was happily married," said Dick. "But we have all wondered why we had not been notified of the naming of the child. It is strange that neither the father nor mother have notified Fred of the honor conferred upon him."

"Well, there has been considerable feeling about the matter; so I guess they will let the professor have his way. But I doubt whether they have gotten over it yet. Now, the professor writes me that I must see to it that you four boys come up to the reunion. The orator for the occasion was selected three months ago, and I understand he is a very brilliant young man, who graduated after you boys did. They are expecting a great oration from him. I believe that Fred has never missed a reunion since the graduates were organized."

After talking for some time over the matter, the professor returned to his home.

He was a great favorite with the members of the New Era Company.

Since he settled at New Era he dressed like a regular farmer, worked as hard as the hired man on his place, and had developed into a first-class agriculturist. He was making more money off of the products of his farm than he had ever made while teaching in the famous academy.

He had attended a few of the reunions himself, and always enjoyed meeting with the boys.

At present he probably didn't know half a dozen students, but at the reunions he met all those who graduated while he was there as teacher.

"Dick," said Joe, "he is still old Brownie, isn't he?"

"Yes, he couldn't be anything else. As Fred has said many a time, he was one of the very few teachers who remembered that he had once been a boy himself. What a popular teacher he would be if he would take up teaching again!"

"Yes, so he would, but I don't believe that any amount of money would tempt him to do so. He is happily fixed."

In the evening, when Fred returned from his fishing trip on the lake, he was very much surprised to learn that Professor Brown had called at the office to see him.

"Terry," said he, "let's go around and call on him. I'm a little in doubt as to the propriety of my going up there to the next reunion, since I've heard that the old professor has imposed my name on that grandson of his. I'm quite sure that my meeting with the Advocate would be rather embarrassing."

"All right," said Terry. "I'll not only go around with you to see Brownie, but I'm going to the reunion. All that stuff that the professor told Dick and Joe in the office is new to me. At the same time, I've been wondering why you had not been notified of the naming of the Advocate's child. It is a hard thing for me to believe."

"I know that the old professor believes more in you, Fred, than any pupil he ever had. I'm surprised, though, that he was able to have his way about it, and I'm not the least bit surprised at the Advocate's silence in the matter. Of course, her husband could not be expected to notify you, as his acquaintance with you is very slight. In fact, I don't remember you ever having met him but once."

"That's all," said Fred. "But we won't mention the matter to Brownie. Perhaps he may tell me about it himself."

So they walked over to the professor's home, which was distant about two miles.

Of course the professor gave them an exceedingly cordial welcome.

He was now the happy father of two pretty little children. He had grown very stout.

He looked as rugged as any old farmer, and as healthy as a pig, and as free and easy as ever.

Of course, his wife was proud of him.

"Look here, professor," said Fred, after he had been in the house for a few minutes. "I want to know when you expect to start for Avon."

"I don't know yet. I've been trying to persuade my wife to go with me, but she says she doesn't care to go, as the children would be rather a burden to her, and as she has received no invitation, she thinks she had better remain at home."

Then Fred began pleading with her to go, saying he would take care of one of the babies and Terry the other.

She wanted to know when and where he had learned to nurse babies.

"Oh, that is easy. You just keep the bottle filled, and I'll trot the kid on my knee, and attend to all its wants, and it shall not be any trouble to you at all."

"Mr. Fearnot, what would you do if the baby should have an attack of the colic?"

"Oh, don't you worry about that," he laughed. "The baby will be on its good behavior, and wouldn't have any colic."

She laughed and said she guessed he didn't know much about babies.

Finally the professor asked him if he was going.

"Professor," he said, "I've never missed a reunion yet, but I confess that I feel a little embarrassed about going up on this occasion."

"Look here, Fred, you take my advice and go, and be just the same as you've always been, and if you can persuade the girls to go with you, do so. Suppose we all go together?"

"Well, that is the way I prefer to go if I go at all."

"Of course! There are a lot of other boys from below who would come up, probably enough to make half a car load. Since I began farming I've never missed sending the professor and his wife some of the choicest vegetables from my place, and they have invited me to come up at the regular examination each year. I couldn't always spare the time to go, but this time he has written a special invitation. I don't know but what he expects something of me that I can't do. If he wants me to make a speech, I shall positively have to decline. I'm quite certain, though, that you will be expected to say something."

"Yes. I always expect something of that kind. I have never been there since my graduation that I wasn't called upon for a speech."

"Well, it is going to be a regular gala week. The Girls' High School will have their closing exercises, and then the graduation of the senior class of the Academy will take place. The reunion and the academy exercises all take place the same week, and the place will be crowded during the entire time. But whether I can stay there for a whole week or not I'm unable to say. Now if I go I want to feel perfectly independent. I don't want to impose on any friends there. I'd rather go to a hotel and pay board."

"Good! You are getting to be a very independent old farmer, professor."

"Yes, I'm trying to be. Now, what do you say about it? Shall we go to a hotel, or shall we accept invitations from friends?"

"Professor, if you say so, I will write to the hotel and secure quarters for us all. First I'll see if Evelyn and Mary will go with us. I suppose that the bookkeeper can attend to the business in our absence, though it is unusual for all four of us to leave at one time. We might as well make a picnic of it."

"All right, do so. You can take a room for me, but understand now, I want to pay every dollar of my own ex-

penses. If I can persuade my wife to go, one room will be enough for us. Of course, if Duncan and Jencks go, their wives will go with them; so it will be quite a family party."

Before retiring that night Fred and Terry wrote to Fredonia to know if Evelyn and Mary would go to Avon to the reunion of the graduates, if Amalie and Margie would be in the party to chaperone them. They said that they would secure quarters at the best hotel in the place, and that they would see that they had a good time.

The girls accepted the invitation, so the matter was arranged, and Fred wired to the Avon House, engaging a private parlor and six bedrooms.

They received an answer that the rooms would be ready for them.

"All right," Fred wired back, "we will be up at the beginning of the week of the academy exercises."

Of course Fred's order was promptly registered, as the hotel people well knew his responsibility.

Professor Brown wrote to Professor Lambert that he and the four boys, accompanied by several ladies, would be up, and that they had secured quarters at the Avon House.

Lambert wrote back in somewhat an indignant strain, saying that he had provided quarters for them on the academy grounds, and insisted that they should all stop with him as his guests.

Brown replied that arrangements had already been made at the hotel, and that none of them wished to be any trouble or expense to him.

Lambert finally yielded, though very reluctantly.

Fred Fearnot was his favorite among all the graduates of that famous institution.

The paper at Avon published a notice that Professor Brown and the members of the New Era Company would all attend the reunion.

All these arrangements were made weeks before the exercises were to begin.

Fred thought it strange that Lambert had not informed him that he was expected to speak.

Fearnot chartered a car, and on the day appointed, about a dozen or fifteen other graduates met at New Era, in order that all might go together.

They accepted Fred's invitation to be his guests on the trip.

When they reached Avon they found that their quarters were ready for them. The private parlor had been lavishly decorated with flowers.

Of course, Evelyn and Mary occupied one room, the Jencks another, Dick and Margie still another, while Fred and Terry had their room. They were all on one floor, and closely connected.

The town was filled with graduates, and there was a general handshaking among hundreds of former school-mates.

The whole town had put on its holiday garb.

There were a number of graduates who had never met Fred and Terry, and of course they called on them.

All the afternoon and evening in the general parlor

Fred and Terry's friends actually took possession of them, and kept them until midnight.

Of course, their latest exploit, the breaking up of the band of train robbers, having been published all over the country, became the general theme of conversation.

Fred and Terry insisted that a great deal of it had been exaggerated, and that the reporters with their brilliant imaginations had embellished the story extravagantly.

The orator of the occasion didn't reach the town until the day after the arrival of Fred's party.

He stopped at the same hotel with them.

Fred had heard a great deal of him as a brilliant, rising young lawyer, who had gained a widespread reputation for eloquence.

Fred and Terry called on him, at which he seemed to be highly gratified.

He had not been a very regular attendant at the reunions heretofore.

"Fearnot," said he, "I'm surprised that you were not chosen to deliver the oration on this occasion."

"I'm not, sir," said Fred, "from the fact that I have officiated in that capacity several times already, and Professor Lambert is a very just man. He believes that others should have a show. I came up more particularly to hear you than for any other reason."

"Thank you!" he replied. "I am satisfied though that everybody here had rather hear you."

"There you are mistaken," laughed Fred. "They have all heard me several times before. You have built up a wonderful reputation in an extremely short time, and curiosity is on tiptoe to hear you."

"Well, of course you expect to say something yourself, don't you?"

"I don't know that I will. I have received no notice of such a possibility. But I'm like the average dog, always ready to bark."

Evelyn and Mary and Margie and Amalie held receptions in the private parlor, and many ladies and gentlemen called on them.

Fred and Terry were in the main parlor receiving their old friends.

Many of the old graduates surrounded Professor Brown during the entire evening.

CHAPTER II.

FRED AND HIS FRIENDS RECEIVE A CORDIAL WELCOME AT AVON.

Early the next morning after his arrival the faculty of the Girls' High School called at the hotel, and inquired for Fred.

Of course Fred appeared promptly, and received a hearty greeting.

"Mr. Fearnot," said the principal of the High School, "the gentleman whom we had engaged to deliver the an-

nual oration at the closing exercises of our school has been suddenly taken ill, and we have had no time to secure a substitute. We have been informed that you are not on the programme at the academy, so we have come to you to relieve us from our embarrassment. I hereby inform you that it is at the unanimous request of the seventeen members of the graduating class. Now, will you come to our relief?"

"Yes, sir, with great pleasure, though I didn't come with the expectation of taking any part in the exercises save as a spectator."

"Thank you! You have no idea how much relief your generous acquiescence gives us. I will make the announcement in to-morrow morning's paper that you will deliver the oration on Thursday at eleven o'clock."

Scarcely had the faculty of the high school left the hotel when Professor Lambert and his wife rode up in their carriage.

They went in and sent their cards up to Fred and Terry.

They were in the private parlor with quite a party of friends.

Fred accompanied by Terry went downstairs to see them.

They greeted the old professor warmly, and both kissed the hand of the madam.

"Fred," said the professor, "I hold a grudge against you and Terry, but then this is no time to quarrel."

"Professor," Fred asked, "is there ever a time for a quarrel?"

"Yes, but there ought not to be. I told both you boys, after your graduation, that if either of you ever came to Avon, you were to come straight to the academy and make your home with us."

"That's true, professor, but I knew I'd have so many friends up here whom I would want to meet that their calling on me would be an imposition upon your kindness; so I thought that upon the whole it was best for me to take quarters here; and order such things as we wished. In a private residence we couldn't do that without putting our hosts to inconvenience. I know that other friends of yours will crowd your home. We have enjoyed your hospitality so often that my conscience wouldn't allow me to crowd other friends out again. You must not feel hurt with us. Neither Terry nor I have changed in the least in our feelings toward you."

"Well, I hope not. But mother, here, is quite put out about it."

"Well, she should not be. Terry and I expect to entertain some of the boys ourselves, which we couldn't do at a private residence."

Mrs. Lambert then inquired for the girls.

"Professor, you and the madam must come up to our private parlor with me. Evelyn and Mary, and Dick and Joe's wives are all up there, and I'm sure they will be glad to meet you." So he led them upstairs to the private parlor.

Evelyn was the first to greet her. She rushed at her with a glad exclamation, threw her arms around her, and kissed her on both cheeks.

Then Mary, Margie, and Amalie followed her example.

Evelyn then walked up to the professor, put her arms around his neck and said:

"You dear old professor. You have been like a father to my brother and sweetheart. Of course you know of our engagement, for all the world seems to know it." She then kissed him two or three times.

"Oh, you dear, sweet girl!" the old man said. "All the world knows of your engagement to Fred, and it seems, too, that all the world is in love with you, as well as he. I love you almost as a dear child of my own. But how is it that you can't keep Fred at home? Can't you prevent him from going out West and engaging in blood-shedding?"

"Professor, I've done my best, but they are so full of the love of adventure that I can't do anything either with him or brother. If I could do so I'd place both of them in school again under your teaching. How in the world is it that you never taught them to avoid the shedding of blood?"

"Well, I hardly think I am responsible for their blood-thirsty tastes."

"Look here, professor," laughed Fred, "you'll live many years longer before you'll ever hear of my shedding blood except in self-defense. You know it is said in Scripture that all that a man hath will he give for his life."

"That's so! I don't think I've ever heard of anything to your discredit, Fred, for if anything could be said to your discredit this dear girl would not have chosen you."

"Professor, with the exception of my father and mother, there is no one living that has more influence over me than she has. She is everything that is sweet and good. Many a time when I have been defending my life I have thought of her injunctions not to fight, and when she learned the particulars she always said: 'Fred, you did right.'"

"That's so, professor. He will fight."

"She will fight, too, when it is forced on her. She does not bury her face in her hands and sit down and cry. The whole Olcott family is of fighting blood. There never was a chicken in a barnyard that would fight quicker than her brother when it is necessary."

"That's right," called Terry, "lay all the blame on me."

"Professor," said Fred, "I've heard him say that he isn't yet fully civilized."

"Oh, go to splitting hairs," exclaimed Terry. "The most savage people on the face of the earth are the Christian nations."

The professor turned to Terry, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said:

"My dear boy, there is quite a difference between nations and individuals. National rights may be imposed on, when individual rights are not. Curb that warlike spirit of yours."

"Warlike spirit!" repeated Terry. "Why, look at that chap. Fred is commander-in-chief of the Knights of the Black Ring, and he is just waiting for some international disturbance to take place to call out an army of a hundred thousand independent soldiers, who own their own rifles,

and who stand ready to march on twenty-four hours' notice. Why, the United States army will be ashamed of itself when he gets out with his Knights. You see when he goes to throwing stones he may expect to have them thrown back at him. But I'm in favor of peace all the time till I'm attacked."

"Boys, boys," said the professor, laying a hand on the shoulder of each, "I'm proud of you. I consider both of you an honor to my academy, and as long as I live I shall hold you in grateful remembrance. I shall expect to hear from both of you during the week, for I know that you are always ready to say something at the right time."

"Look here, professor, let us alone," said Terry. "We came up to look on and listen. At every reunion we have been called out, when there are hundreds of others who ought to have a show. You must not show partiality, for that will arouse jealousy, and make trouble."

"Professor, I don't wish to change the subject suddenly, but you haven't told me how the Advocate is."

"Oh, she is well," spoke up her mother, rather impulsively, as if fearing to leave the reply to her husband. "She is well, and so is little Frederick."

"Well, being a mother, of course, she has duties at home. But shall I have a chance to see her during my stay here?"

"Certainly, if you wish to."

"I certainly do wish to see her and the boy. Is her husband in town?"

"No. He was called by telegram to New York City on special business, two days ago, but he will probably return before the end of the week."

While Fred and Terry were talking with the professor and his wife, Evelyn and Mary had a crowd of friends around them.

It was then that Fred told the professor that he had been asked to deliver the oration at the Girls' High School.

The professor seemed surprised, and asked what had become of Judge Holmes, the orator selected for the occasion.

"He has been taken suddenly ill. Not half an hour ago the president came down and asked me to take his place."

"Well, well, well! I'm sorry to hear that, for I was in hopes of having you at the academy with us."

"Professor," said Fred, "how does it happen that both institutions hold their exercises during the same week?"

"Oh, we arranged the matter so that neither would interfere with the other. We thought that by alternating we would have a larger attendance."

"Oh, well, that is all right, if there will be no conflict."

"None whatever."

"All right then. We will come over to see the boys at the academy at the first opportunity. Present my regards to the Advocate, and tell her that I hope to have the pleasure of seeing her and the little boy very soon."

Of course it was the busiest time of the season for the professor and his wife, so they soon left the hotel.

Mrs. Lambert very cordially invited Evelyn and the other girls to dine with them one day during the week.

The girls, of course, promised to do so.

By this time the town was pretty well filled by visitors. Every boarding-house and hotel was filled to overflowing.

Fred's party congratulated themselves on being so comfortably fixed at the big hotel, which was a new one, built since the boys left the academy.

Said Amalie:

"Girls, we are fortunate in being here at the hotel, where we have plenty of room. Had we stopped at the homes of any of our friends we would have been a good deal embarrassed, and badly cramped, but as it is we have only to press the button, and a servant responds to attend to our wants. Then, too, we can invite our friends to our private parlor without being intruded upon by strangers."

"I was just thinking about that, Amalie," said Evelyn. "But we have to pay for all this."

"No, you don't," said Amalie. "The boys do the paying."

"Yes, but I dislike very much to have them do so. I'd rather pay my own bills, but brother and Fred won't allow it."

"No, and they shouldn't allow it. They are able to pay, and they are willing to do it."

Then they fell to talking about the Advocate.

They all agreed among themselves that she would be better pleased if none of them called on her.

"I'm quite sure of it," said Amalie, "and as I have not been invited to call on her, I certainly shall not do so."

"Why, Amalie, I understood that the professor wrote down to Ned Era, inviting all of us."

"Well, she and I were never very great friends, and I'm going to insist on a special, personal invitation before I call on her. I am somewhat disposed to resent the way she has treated Fred. She never notified him that her child was named for him."

"Well, you know very little about that, Amalie. It came second-hand, you know."

"Yes, that's true, and for the sake of old times, I am not going to let her think that I feel in any way resentful," put in Evelyn.

"Well, you can afford to do that. We all know what is the trouble with her. She tried for four or five years to capture Fred, but you were in her way. She may be happy, but I don't believe any jealous person can really be happy."

In the afternoon Fred suggested that they take a ride about the town; so they applied to the office of the hotel for four carriages, which were soon on hand.

The four couples had a carriage each to themselves.

Fred insisted that they should drive by the boarding-house and see the boarding girls of the high school, and also call on the proprietress, with whom they were acquainted, as she had been keeping the place for several years.

The landlady received them with great cordiality.

Quite a number of the girls were prepared to receive them, and the unexpected call didn't disconcert them in the least.

Soon nearly a score of them were down in the parlor.

Many of them had never seen Fearnot nor Evelyn, though they had often heard of them.

They greatly admired Evelyn. All shook hands with and kissed her, as they did also with Mary.

Then they crowded around Fearnot and gazed at him as if he had been some distinguished official whom they were seeing for the first time in their lives.

The story of their fight with the train robbers was fresh in their minds, and they gazed at Fred and Terry, wondering if they were such terrible fighters as they had been represented.

Some of them whispered to Evelyn and Mary and inquired if the story was true, and said they didn't look like such terrible fighters.

One of them asked Fred what would be the subject of his speech the next day.

"I'm going to talk about schoolgirls. I had to choose the subject with which I was most familiar, because I've had no time to prepare a speech."

"Oh, my," she exclaimed. "What a common subject."

"Call that a common subject!" he laughed. "I think it a most profound one, and I believe I could talk for twenty hours on a stretch about school girls and never repeat a thing. Now, you young ladies, I am sure, would prefer to hear someone speak on young men. It's just according to personal interest."

"Mr. Fearnot, our landlady tells us that you once spoke for the high school on the subject of How to Cook a Boy, and she says it was the most interesting lecture she ever heard in all her life."

"Well, she is very kind."

"Well, can't you repeat that to-morrow?"

"No, indeed. I consider the schoolgirl a far more interesting topic."

The girls kept them there for over an hour.

Then they entered the carriages, and drove away.

"Fred," said Evelyn, "let's face the lioness in her den, and go to the academy and see the mother and her little boy."

"All right," and he ordered the driver to take them to the academy.

Amalie refused to go.

Terry and Mary followed Fred's carriage, while Margie and Dick followed Joe and Amalie.

Professor Lambert came out of his cottage and elbowed his way through the students, and insisted on Fred and the girls getting out and coming into the house, but the boys were so busy shaking hands with Fred and Terry that it seemed impossible for them to comply with his request.

Mrs. Lambert came out and joined the professor. She told them that Eunice was quite indisposed and couldn't see company that day.

"Well, I hope she is not seriously ill," remarked Evelyn.

"No, but she has had a bad headache all day."

CHAPTER III.

FRED'S ORATION.

Professor Lambert insisted on their getting out and coming into the academy, but Evelyn and Mary suggested that they had better continue their drive, and come some other time when the "Advocate" was prepared to receive them.

"Mrs. Lambert," said Fred, "that boy is old enough to come out doors? Why can't you bring him out and let me see him? He is the only child that I ever loved without knowing him. I want to kiss him for his grandmother and his grandfather's sake. Of course I know he is the apple of your eye."

"I'm afraid to bring him out into the open air. He is not very well to-day," said the grandmother.

"Well, I'm sorry. Kiss the little fellow for me, then. Tell him that Uncle Fred called to see him."

Fred finally alighted and mingled with the boys for quite a while, and Terry followed suit, but Evelyn and Mary kept in their carriages.

Many of the boys came up to the carriage, and said:

"Miss Olcott, shake hands with us. We've heard so much of you. Everybody in this country knows that you are full of sporting blood."

Of course she smiled and shook hands with everyone as they reached their hands in the carriage.

Professor Tracy came out and greeted Fred and Terry. He came up to the carriage and stood there talking until they were ready to start.

Fred and Terry then re-entered the carriages, and were driven off, followed by a round of cheers from the students.

"Fred," said Evelyn, "I do not intend to call on the 'Advocate' again. It is the first time in my life that I ever called on Eunice Lambert when she refused to receive me."

"It may be true, dear, that she is unwell to-day."

"Maybe so, but I am not easily fooled, Fred. If you had come over alone it would have been different. I have no doubt she would have received you, but then the way she has behaved ever since the child was born convinces me that she doesn't wish to see you or any of the rest of us."

"Maybe you are right, dear, but I'm not going to let her see that I care a snap about it. I certainly won't ask to see her or the child either, again. If I come over here, I'll just see the teachers and the boys."

There was a reception at the hotel that evening.

Nearly all the ladies in the town were there, and the great dining room was thrown open for a dance.

Evelyn, Mary, Margie and Amalie were surrounded by admiring crowds during the entire evening.

Fred and Terry danced with many married ladies, who were young girls when they left the Academy, but they remembered them with lively interest.

The reception closed about midnight, and of course they all slept late next morning.

They scarcely had time to eat breakfast before they were called on to go to the High School to hear Fred's oration.

The attendance was so large that hundreds could not gain admission.

Seats were reserved for the academy boys, and special places were arranged for the senior class, near the seats occupied by the senior class of the High School.

Terry, Dick and Joe, as well as the faculty of the High School declared it the most eloquent speech they had ever heard Fred make.

It was full of witty and wise saying. Humor pervaded it from beginning to end. At one moment the vast audience was fairly screaming with laughter, and at the next they were moved to tears.

He talked about everything connected with the topic: woman's work, woman's sphere, woman's companionship, woman's duties; every phase of human emotion was touched upon.

At times several old ladies were seen nodding their heads in approval; at others, they were wiping their eyes and seemed to be almost on the verge of exploding.

He spoke more than an hour. The faculty congratulated themselves on having secured him to take the place of Judge Holmes who was himself a distinguished orator. Fred swayed the vast audience at his will. They laughed and cried by turns.

The members of the senior class looked at Evelyn Olcott with great interest, and regarded her as the most blessed of women, in having the love of such a man.

He portrayed the average girl so true to nature that everyone was thrilled with his eloquence and charmed with his splendid stories.

When the oration ended a number of distinguished citizens who occupied seats on the platform, crowded around him to congratulate him.

The president of the high school brought up the members of the senior class, and introduced them to him, and each one had something pleasant to say.

Said one:

"Mr. Fearnot, several times I thought you were talking about me. You described my feelings and my nature so thoroughly that I tried to hide from you."

"I, too!"

"I, too!"

"I, too!" spoke up the rest of them.

Said the youngest one in the class:

"I couldn't help wondering if some of my friends hadn't told you something about me."

"Oh, I know you girls," he laughed; "I'm very much in love with a young lady who has the very traits of character that I described to-day, besides I have an only sister, and she is here to-day; so you see I'm no stranger to your sex. I haven't yet told you half that I know about you girls."

"Oh, my, why didn't you keep on talking then? What did you stop for?"

"Because life is too short. I couldn't tell it all in one day. I once heard a distinguished man say that he had

been married forty years, and almost every day he discovered some new trait in his wife's character that he had not known before. I once heard a distinguished woman say that there were two things in this world that a man could never understand, and that they were women and electricity.

That created a good deal of laughter, and Fred continued:

"I guess they were both right. I have seen some fellows who have received electric shocks from pretty girls, while the girls seemed to be unconscious of their power."

After the senior class had all shaken hands with him, many elderly ladies came up and continued the congratulations.

They declared they thought it the best speech they had ever heard him make.

They also surrounded Evelyn and Mary.

Amalie's grand beauty attracted attention from every one.

Of course all of them received invitations to dine at a number of residences.

The president of the High School urged them to dine with his family, but they declared that they were expected to dinner at the hotel. They promised to visit some of them before they left Avon.

"Mr. Fearnot," said a lady as old as his mother, "I read a short time ago of a terrible battle with train robbers in the West in which you and Mr. Olcott participated. I've been thinking about it while listening to your speech."

"Madam, please don't allude to that terrible affair. We knew that the men who were fighting us were desperadoes, and that it was their lives or ours. I don't glory in such things as that. I was simply fighting for my life, and we are told in the Good Book that 'all a man hath will he give for his life'. I never had a desire to die young. I prefer to die of old age. I have one great desire in this life, and that is to do good to everybody who needs my help."

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear you say that. I didn't believe it was your nature to fight."

"Madam, I've been compelled to do a great deal of it, far more than I wanted to. I'm fond of adventure. I like to roam through the great forests and the mountains in quest of game. That seems to be natural with the majority of men. In the whole animal kingdom there is a struggle for life. Even the rabbit, from the day of his birth to his death, has a struggle to preserve its life, and this seems to be the case throughout the whole line of life. It seems to be a natural law. Even the birds of the air prey upon each other; so do the fishes in the seas, as well as the animals on the land; and man himself is the worst of all. Even your servants, by your orders, go out into the barnyard, kill a chicken, and you feast on it."

"Oh my! Don't tell me that. I know it is true, but I don't like to be reminded of it."

"Oh yes! But you reminded me of slaying my fellow men in order to prevent their slaying me. I don't like to be

reminded of it, either. You meant no harm, and neither do I, but everybody seems to be on the defensive."

The lady went away wondering if there was anybody good in all the world.

It was fully an hour after the oration before Fred and his party could leave the High School building.

That evening, the graduates of the academy had their banquet in a grand hall, and Fred's party, of course, attended.

They were greeted with tremendous applause when they entered the hall.

There were many tables scattered about the hall and they were assigned to a special one by order of Professor Lambert.

The orator of the evening was present, and his oration was a magnificent one.

The faculty and the senior class had made no mistake in their choice.

Fred, Terry, Dick and Joe, as well as the ladies applauded his speech to the echo.

Once he alluded to Fearnot and Olcott by name. He declared they had honored the institution by their career since their graduation.

After that the applause was more deafening than before, and when the orator sat down, loud calls were made for Fearnot and Olcott.

The calls continued until Fred rose to his feet.

He talked only a few minutes, but he spoke lovingly of the graduates and the faculty of the institution.

He brought tears to the eyes of Professor Lambert and even Professor Tracy was seen wiping tears from his eyes.

He spoke affectionately of Professor Brown, at which the applause became uproarious.

He said that he had been a successful teacher, but was still a more successful farmer, that he tilled the soil with his own hands, and had made a great reputation with his neighbors at his new home.

The professor's face fairly glowed at hearing Fred's praise of him.

Then he spoke of his partners: how they had worked together in the field of sports, and were still together. He stated that one of them had married his sister; and had made a model husband, a good citizen and a successful business man.

He also spoke of a number of other graduates who were rising in their professions and business.

He wound up with a eulogy of the institution and its founder.

He brought tears to Professor Lambert's eyes. The graduates arose and cheered for several minutes.

Looking over the audience, he said that he was glad that he was alive, and able to be present on that occasion.

Then he added that he had won the reputation of a fighter against his own inclinations; that he wanted to live as long as any of them, and had to fight to do so.

At that, the students rose to their feet again and gave him round after round of applause.

When he sat down, Terry was called out, and from the beginning to the end, he kept them roaring with laughter, and occasionally melted them to tears.

Fred didn't mention the "Advocate's" name.

She was not present, to the great regret of many of the old graduates.

Terry paid a glowing tribute to her goodness and kindness of heart and described in glowing terms how she was so often the refuge of the students in trouble.

Professor Lambert and his wife fairly glowed with pleasure as they listened to him.

The students cheered at every mention of the "Advocate's" name.

Terry raised a glass of water to his lips and gave a toast in her honor.

They all drank the toast and then one of them began a song which they had been accustomed to sing in her honor for several years.

Evelyn sang with them, having learned the song from Fred and Terry.

She was the only lady at the reunion whose voice was heard in song.

Its clear silvery tones were heard by every one in the great hall.

This was, perhaps, the most enthusiastic meeting the graduates had ever had.

The speeches being over, they all began to feast on the rich viands that had been prepared, and the banquet lasted for fully an hour.

Professor Lambert came to where they were sitting, laid his hand on each and thanked them for their kind expressions about himself and family.

"Professor, it is not necessary for us to remind you how we all love you," said Fred. "You have had too many demonstrations of that fact."

The professor returned to his seat with tears streaming down his face.

He was undoubtedly grieved over the fact that Fred didn't mention the "Advocate's" name during his speech.

Terry had done so though, most eloquently and feelingly.

Mrs. Lambert sent a messenger to tell her what Terry had said about her in his speech, and informed her that it was the most feeling and eloquent speech that she had ever heard.

During the banquet one of the graduates rose to his feet and gave a toast to the "Advocate's" youngest charge.

Said he:

"In our school days, she was our refuge in time of trouble, and we called ourselves her boys. Now she has one of her own, who has never attended the academy. She is devoting her life to him, and we fellows all find our noses out of joint."

"There was a great roar of laughter at this. He wound up by wishing the little fellow long life, health and happiness."

Before leaving the hall that night, Professor Lambert came to Fred and said:

"I'm coming over to the hotel to-morrow to sit with you for an hour. I'm going to throw all cares aside for that length of time."

"Professor, if you'll do so, I'll throw off my cares too, and we will have a good heart to heart talk together."

CHAPTER IV.

FEARNOT'S FRIEND FROM INDIA.

The next day Fred had a lively time, not only with the graduates and students of the Academy, but with many acquaintances who had come up to Avon to attend the exercises of the two institutions.

Among the guests of the hotel whom he met there was a man named Wentworth, who was a commercial drummer.

He reminded Fred and Terry a great deal of Bishop. He was not quite as stout as the latter, but he was as voluble a talker, and was much given to sarcasm.

Fred thought he was the most conceited man he ever met, though he was a fine companion. He had a great many stories to tell; was quick at repartee, and was a man of vast general information, though there was nothing at all profound about him, although he could entertain a crowd.

He told Fred that he had heard his speech at the high school, and had enjoyed it immensely.

"I pride myself," said he, "on knowing something about the other sex, and hanged if I didn't think you had them down about right. Some of them a fellow can never understand."

"That's so," laughed Terry. "I've seen many of them that I couldn't understand. I tried to study them, but finally gave it up."

"Many of them are delusions and snares."

"Yes, and I'll bet that you've hugged many a delusion."

"That's right, but no telling tales out of school."

"Say, Wentworth, how long are you going to stay here?" Fred asked.

"I'm going to stay to see this thing out. I've heard a great deal of you and Olcott, and I understand that there is always fun where you are about. I'm as fond of fun as a duck is of corn. There is nothing I enjoy so much as a good, hearty laugh."

"Say," said Terry, "you ought to have been with us a few weeks ago out West."

"No, sir! I heard about that little adventure of yours, and I'm glad that I was not there."

"Well, you don't have any fun, then," said Terry.

"Great Scott, do you call that fun?"

"Yes, I enjoyed it."

"Well, I don't like that sort of fun. I don't want a man to shoot at me, and I don't want to shoot at anyone. I prefer to fight my battles intellectually."

"Say, you remind me of a fellow out West who was lying on the ground so drunk that he couldn't roll downhill. A

man undertook to talk to him about drinking, and advised him to keep sober. The man looked up at him and asked: 'Say, don't you ever get drunk?' 'No,' said the other. 'I not only don't get drunk, but I don't drink liquors.' 'Then you don't have no fun,' said the other, as he dropped off into a drunken stupor."

The crowd laughed for some time at Wentworth's expense.

Then there ensued a battle of repartee between him and Terry, and it was hard to say who got the better of it.

Just then one of the graduates came up and invited them to come on the balcony and look at a queer character on the street. Said he:

"He is selling all sorts of strange trinkets. He must be a peddler of some kind. He is a good deal darker than an Indian, and speaks in pigeon English, and is dressed in a sort of flowing robe or gown. There is a crowd of boys around him. I judge that he is something of a juggler, as he is performing tricks that keep the crowd with him."

They all moved out on the balcony, Fred and Terry among them.

Dick and Joe went with their wives and a number of other ladies in the private parlor.

"Well, well, that is a queer-looking chap," exclaimed Wentworth, as he looked down and saw a dark-skinned man, surrounded by quite a mob of people.

"Great Scott!" said Fred, when he looked at him. "Terry, there is our old friend."

"I have just seen him, Fred. What in thunder has he come up here for?"

"Oh, he goes everywhere."

"Say," said Wentworth, "do you know that man?"

"Yes, he is a friend of mine from India, and I'm going down to shake hands with him."

"The deuce you are!"

"Yes, he is one of the most wonderful men you ever saw in your life."

"That is all you know about him."

Just then Fred raised his voice and sung out:

"Salaam, sahib."

The dark-skinned man looked up and when he saw him he raised his hand to him and made a profound bow, his forehead almost touching the ground, and sang out:

"Salaam, sahib. I'm glad to see you."

The next instant Fred, followed by Terry, went out into the street, the crowd parting for him.

He went up to the Hindoo, shook hands with him, and both bowed most ceremoniously.

They both kept saying:

"Salaam, sahib."

Then Terry elbowed his way to Fred's side, and reached out his hand to the Indian, and greeted him:

"Salaam, sahib!"

Again the man made a profound bow, which Terry returned in like manner.

The crowd seemed to be astounded at seeing two such distinguished men greeting the peddler so ceremoniously.

Some of them thought it was done in a spirit of fun, and were disposed to laugh.

Fred began talking with him in a tongue which no one present understood, and instantly the crowd stood still to listen.

"What in the dence are they saying?" one man asked.

Terry motioned to them to keep quiet.

Several times he and Fred shook hands, and the jabbering went on.

Finally Fred looked around at them, and said:

"Gentlemen, this is my friend from India. He is one of my best friends, whom I respect as much as I do the President of the United States. I am his friend," and then he extended his hand, saying:

"Come in! Come in with me," and he held to his hand, and almost pulled him into the hotel.

The crowd followed them in.

He led him up to the clerk's desk, saying:

"This is my friend from India. I want him here as my guest. Can you give him a room?"

"I will see, sir." He looked over his list of rooms, and found that two or three had been vacated that very morning.

"Yes," said he. "I can give him a room on the floor above yours."

"Then do so. He is a native of India, a Hindoo, and is a very remarkable man, and a very learned one. He is a wonderful magician. See that he has everything that he wants, and charge the bill to me."

The clerk asked for his name in order to put it down on his register.

The Hindoo gave him a name which the clerk started to write, but before doing so he looked at Fearnot, and asked:

"How do you spell it?"

"Oh, just put him down as The Gentleman from India," and that was written. The room was crowded almost to suffocation by the crowd that was watching Fred and the stranger.

"Look here, Fearnot," said Wentworth, "if he is a friend of yours then I'm a friend of his. So introduce me to him."

"Certainly," and Fred took him by the hand, led him in front of the Hindoo, and said:

"Sahib, this is a friend of mine. He wants to know you."

The Hindoo made a profound bow, saying:

"Salaam, sahib."

"Well, what in thunder is his name?" said Wentworth, turning to Fred.

"Well, the only name I know is that of The Gentleman from India, but he is my warm personal friend."

Quite a number of the graduates were members of the Knights of the Black Ring at their homes.

Fred knew many of them, and as he introduced them he told them to give him the grip of the Knights of the Black Ring. . .

Each gave him the grip, and as he returned a smile spread over his warthy face.

Evidently he felt that he was in the hands of friends. He was very careful to speak but little English, and that with a very decided foreign accent.

"Well, well, well!" several said among themselves in the crowd. "Just think of Fred Fearnot claiming friendship with a foreign peddler."

The Indian had a knapsack with him, which he closed deftly as Fred led him into the house.

"Sahib, where have you come from now?"

The Hindoo raised himself and waved his hand all around, as if to say he had come from everywhere.

"Well, I'm glad to see you. You are to me like a brother. Will you go up to your room now and rest?"

"Yes, sahib," and Fred ran his arm through his, and led him up two flights of stairs, preceded by a porter with the key of the room.

When they entered the room Terry followed.

Somebody told Dick that Fred had a friend there from India as his guest.

"Great Scott, Joe," said Dick, "let's go and see if it is the Hindoo juggler," and they both hurried up to the room.

There they greeted him with:

"Salaam, sahib," and shook hands.

He talked with Dick and Joe in Pigeon-English, but to Fred he spoke in a strange tongue, which neither of them could understand.

He told them he had been traveling all over the country, and knew where Fred and Terry had been every time they went out West.

"Sahib, did you see Fred when the gray horses were stolen?"

"Yes, sahib. I saw him and told him where they were, and he went after them," and he pointed in the direction of Saratoga.

"Sahib, did you know that we were up here?"

"Yes, sahib. I came up to see my friend," and he motioned to Fred as he spoke.

By and by Dick went down to the private parlor, and said to Evelyn that the Hindoo juggler, who had brought the black rings to this country, was Fred's guest upstairs.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Evelyn. "I want to see that wonderful man. Please tell him that I want him to come down here and let me thank him for restoring my horses to me."

Dick went upstairs and delivered the message.

The Indian turned and looked at Fred, saying:

"Sahib, I must perform my ablutions before I see the ladies."

"All right, friend. We will leave the room, and you can come down when you are ready."

With that they all withdrew, and the Indian closed the door behind them.

"Oh, Fred, is it true that the Hindoo juggler is here?" Evelyn ran up to him and inquired as he entered the parlor.

"Yes, dear, and he has just told Dick that he saw me one

night and told me where I could find the grays, and you know the result of it."

"Yes. Will he come down here?"

"Yes; he said he would come down after he had performed his ablutions. Those Indians, you know, are very ceremonious. I suppose he is going to change his clothing before he presents himself."

"Well, I am more grateful to that man than I can tell."

And then they began to tell the friends in the room of the wonderful things the Hindoo could do, at which they were all amazed.

By and by Fred decided to go down to the clerk's office, and give him some instructions about attending to the wants of his friend from India.

"He is a native of India, a regular Hindoo," said he. "He is a personal friend of mine. You know the Hindoos never eat flesh of any kind."

"Well, I didn't know that."

"They live principally on rice, which has to be cooked done, and quite dry with every grain separate. They will not eat it made into a mush as we do in this country. So look after that, please. He drinks neither wine, tea, nor coffee. Give him a glass of cold water, with his rice in a bowl. He is a man of very simple habits, but I doubt if there is a man in this country as learned as he is. He is perfectly peaceful and harmless. I believe he can speak the language of all nations."

"Look here, I heard you talking to him in some strange tongue. What was it?"

"It was his native tongue. I learned it years ago. It is a very easy matter for me to learn a strange language."

"Was that Hindoo?"

"Well, mostly?"

"Well, well, well!" ejaculated a number of parties around him. "How many tongues can you speak, Fearnot?"

Fred laughed and said:

"I have never counted them."

"By George, is it a fact that you know more tongues than you can count?"

"You ask too many questions," returned Fred. "I know that man well. I've seen him do some of the most wonderful things imaginable. He travels all over the world, selling things which he carries in his knapsack, and he has made a comfortable fortune by it. Three or four years ago he came to me with ten thousand dollars in gold and asked me to take care of it for him. He required no note, no receipt, simply told me that I was his friend, and the only man he knew in this country with whom he would trust his fortune. I put the money in the bank to his credit, so that he could get it in case of my death."

"Well, what in thunder is his name?"

"You couldn't pronounce it," said Fred. "Your tongue doesn't wobble right."

"Well, I reckon I can pronounce any name that you can," said Wentworth.

"Oh, do you think you can?"

"Yes, I know I can."

Fred took up a pencil, seized a piece of paper, and wrote a Russian name on it. It was made up of Y's and J's, and K's and I's.

"Let's see you pronounce that," and he handed him the piece of paper.

"Oh, that is taking an advantage of me. If you will pronounce it I can do so myself."

Everybody in the room looked at the name, and said they would give it up.

"How do you pronounce it?" Wentworth inquired, when Fred proceeded to utter a string of words that was really incomprehensible.

"Say it again," said Wentworth.

Fred made a noise like a cough, a sneeze, and hiccough, at which the crowd fairly roared.

Then Wentworth tried it, and the crowd fairly yelled at him.

Not one of them could tell whether his attempt was a success or not.

Fred himself laughed.

Then he told them in all seriousness how the Knights of the Black Ring came to be founded.

CHAPTER V.

THE MAN FROM INDIA IN THE PRIVATE PARLOR.

While the girls were waiting for the man from India to appear, Evelyn, Mary, Margie and Amalie were busy telling their lady friends of the wonderful things they had seen him do.

It was utterly incredible to some of them. They really couldn't understand it.

Several gentlemen friends were in the parlor, and, while they dared not so express themselves, they did not credit the wonderful things related by the ladies.

When Evelyn told the story of the beautiful infant appearing in the smoke of burning paper they didn't believe it, but of course none of them dared say so.

They expressed themselves as being very anxious to see some of the wonders.

Neither Fred nor Terry could promise that he would do anything wonderful, but they confirmed everything that the ladies had said.

Fred was extremely anxious to have the magician perform in the presence of Professor Lambert and his wife.

They were expecting them over that day.

Fully an hour passed before the juggler appeared.

When he came down he was dressed in silks of the finest fabric.

He wore a long silk gown with flowing sleeves, and had a great silk turban on his head.

His feet were encased in shoes made of a combination of silk and fine morrocco.

He wore a number of gold and silver trinkets.

Fred and Terry met him at the foot of the stairs, and both salaamed to him in the most ceremonious manner.

When he entered the room, his gorgeous apparel amazed them, but Evelyn sprang up, ran forward and bowed low to him, smiling and saying:

"Salaam, Sahib."

He bowed three times, actually touching the floor with his forehead.

But they didn't touch his hands.

She didn't offer hers, no did he offer his. He was indeed royal in his way of saluting.

"Sahib," said she, "let me thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for restoring my beautiful horses to me."

He smiled and bowed, and assured her that he was glad to see her, and that it was a great pleasure to restore her horses to her.

He told her that she was the queen of his friend, and that she would ever be the friend of the Knight of the Black Ring.

She was a little awed at his dignity. At the same time he brought forth from a mysterious pocket in his silk robe a magnificent diamond ring, and bowing low, presented it to her, saying he had brought it from afar, and wanted her to wear it, and that as long as she did so, good fortune and health would attend her.

It was studded with sparkling gems, and the workmanship was of Oriental style.

Evelyn bowed several times, and as she did so, he bowed down to the floor.

He then bowed to the ladies whom he had met at New Era.

He bowed twice before Amalie on account of her great beauty and stature.

He presented a jewel apiece to her, Mary and Margie, each one quite different from the other.

The ladies and gentlemen then seated themselves, after which Fred led him to a seat.

Pretty soon there was a knock at the door, when Dick Duncan ushered in Professor Lambert and his wife.

Fred rushed to greet them, and let them into the room.

Professor Lambert was at a loss how to greet the Indian.

Fred led him up in front of the professor, and said:

"This is my friend from India."

"Sahib, he is a great scholar. He taught me all I know, when I was a boy."

The Hindoo bowed with great dignity, almost touching the floor with his forehead.

"Professor, he is a learned man. He speaks more than a score of languages."

This led the professor to greet him with much consideration, and they exchanged salaams three different times.

He then bowed to the professor's wife. Amalie and Evelyn stood by her, and bowed that she might follow their example, and she had the good sense to do so.

Pretty soon the president of the High School arrived and he too was introduced, together with several ladies.

When the professor took his seat, Evelyn went over and

sat by his side, and whispered to him and his wife several wonderful stories of things the Hindoo had done, and they stared at him with much interest.

The Hindoo regarded Professor Lambert as some learned dignitary, much to Fred's gratification.

"Fred," said the professor, "do I understand that the gentleman is a friend of yours from India?"

"Yes, sir," said Fred. "He is a warm, personal friend."

Then Fred turned to the Indian, and spoke to him in a tongue that caused the professor to stare in wonder, for he had never heard such a language in all his life. They exchanged several sentences.

The professor knew that Fred hadn't learned such a language from him, though he could speak German, Latin, Greek, French and Spanish.

"Fred," said he, "what tongue is that you are using?"

"It is Hindostanee, professor?"

"Where did you learn it?"

"From my friend here."

The professor was actually dumfounded. He wondered how Fred had acquired it. He hadn't heard of his attending school outside of America, and he knew of no institution in the United States, where such a language was taught. He sat for some time and listened to Fred and the Hindoo conversing.

Then Fred assured him that he had learned the Hindoo language solely by conversing with the man from India.

"And now, Professor, I want you to see what a wonderful man my friend is."

On the center of the table sat a fine vase filled with a number of fine roses.

The Hindoo walked to the table and selected a couple of them.

He covered both of them with his hands, and after a few minutes, when he uncovered the roses, the flowers began multiplying and growing. Each rose swelled up to more than double its former size. As he took them apart, he handed a rose to Fred, who passed it to Mrs. Lambert.

She took it and said it was the most fragrant flower she had ever smelled.

As she looked at it and inhaled its fragrance, she noticed that it was growing in her hand, and that other roses grew from little buds on the side. Each one was variegated, red and pink and yellow, and the fragrance was so great that it was almost overpowering.

She became somewhat nervous, and let them lay in her lap.

Then Fred gave a rose to each lady in the room, and each flower began increasing in size and number.

The Professor's eyes fairly bulged.

"Fred," said he, "is your friend from India a magician or sorcerer?"

"No, Professor, he is only a magician, but there is no end to the things he can do. He can project himself mentally to any quarter of the globe in a moment."

"Well, I've heard of such things, but have always been skeptical about it."

"I was that way myself, Professor, until my friend from India showed me that the thing was possible, and I now no longer doubt it. He can tell you where any of your friends are at this moment."

"Then have him tell me, please, where my son-in-law is just now."

Fred spoke to the Hindoo in Hindostanee, and asked where the son-in-law of the Professor was at that moment. The Hindoo closed his eyes and said he was at that moment dining at the Hoffman House in New York City.

"Now, Professor," said Fred, "you write to your son-in-law or ask him when he comes home, at what time he dined at the Hoffman House."

"I will do so with much pleasure."

"Now, Professor, I'll ask him to satisfy you about the projection of one's mind," and he spoke to the Hindoo in Hindostanee.

That seemed to be the greatest puzzle to the Professor.

"I'll ask him to show you into the presence of the Advocate, and her little boy," and the next moment, the Professor seemed to find himself sitting in his cottage at the academy, gazing at the "Advocate," seated in her private apartments with her little boy in her lap.

The Professor sat there gazing at the mental picture for two or three minutes, and seemed like one in a trance.

All those in the room were staring at him, but it seemed as if he were in his own home.

In a few minutes he waved his hand, when Fred asked:

"What did you see, Professor?"

"Why, I saw the inside of my own home. I could see Eunice and her little boy."

"Well, you have been sitting right there, but you were mentally projected to her room."

"Well, tell me, is it the result of hypnotism?"

Fred told him he had tried to understand it, but could not.

"I saw them as plain as life."

"Once when I was three thousand miles from Fredonia, he showed me Evelyn and Mary sitting in the latter's room, sewing and talking, and Terry and I saw them plainly as we see each other now."

"Well, how do you account for it?"

"I can't account for it," said Fred. "If you want to see the King of England, he can introduce you to the court in an instant. He can project you mentally into any part of the world."

The professor stared at the swarthy Indian.

The latter gazed at him without a smile on his face and without uttering a word.

"Fred," said Mrs. Lambert, "tell him to show me Eunice's baby."

Fred spoke to him in Hindoo, when he stepped up to the vase of flowers on the table, waved his hand over it, when a huge flower slowly opened like a morning-glory, and there grew the face of the little baby in the flower.

Mrs. Lambert sprang up, ran to the table, and gazed at

the little babe's face. It seemed to recognize its grandmother and laughed and cooed like a perfectly natural baby.

All the ladies sprang up.

"All keep your hands off or it will spoil the illusion."

Mrs. Lambert seemed to be almost overcome. She staggered to the seat and Evelyn went to her and put her arms around her and said

"Please don't get nervous, Mrs. Lambert."

In a few minutes the picture passed away and the bunches of flowers appeared perfectly natural.

Evelyn turned to Fred and asked him to request the man from India to show them the little babe in the smoke of a burning newspaper.

The Hindoo arose, lifted the vase from the table, placed it on the floor and then took a newspaper and twisted it in the shape of a large cornucopia.

"All of you keep your seats," said Fred.

The Hindoo struck a match and touched the top of the paper cone with it.

It blazed up until the smoke ascended to the ceiling, and there seemingly sat on the center of the table a little babe about fifteen months of age.

It was a beauty with flaxen hair and blue eyes. The child sat there looking around the room, smiling and cooing and playing with its feet.

"Oh, it is the same little babe!" exclaimed Evelyn, and Margie and Mary and Amalie.

Mrs. Lambert asked if she could touch the child.

"Yes, you may." She went up and offered her hands to the babe, who caught hold of the index finger of each hand and danced on the table, cooing with delight.

Other ladies wished to touch it, and were permitted to do so.

Then the Hindoo put another cornucopia over the child and struck a match to it, when it disappeared in the smoke, cooing and laughing as it vanished.

"Well!" ejaculated nearly everybody in the room.

Mrs. Lambert exclaimed:

"Where is that child? Where is that child?"

"Yes! Yes! Where is it?"

"What became of it?" several ladies inquired.

Of course nobody answered.

The table was a marble slab nearly three feet in diameter.

The Hindoo took from a pocket in his silk gown a plain gold ring, laid it on the table, and said:

"Let anyone take it who wishes."

Several stepped forward and tried to take it up.

It was like a piece of redhot iron, and of course they dropped it quickly.

Fred, Terry, Dick and Joe never touched it, for they had seen that thing before, but the others who had not tried to take it up.

The ladies, of course, didn't touch it.

The Hindoo took it up in the palm of his hand and blew on it, and then laid it back on the table. When the others picked it up, it was as cold as ice.

"Fred," said the professor, "can you explain this?"

"No, sir, I can not."

"Is it a delusion?"

"I can't answer that," said Fred.

"Does he change the ring?"

"I hardly think he does. You can take this ring and hold it in your hand, and he can blow his breath on it and it will become so hot that you'll have to drop it instantly."

"Well, let me try that."

The Hindoo blew his breath on it, when the professor was obliged to drop it on the table.

The Hindoo then put his hand over it, held it there for nearly a minute, and when he removed it, at least fifty gold rings were lying on the table.

Several other things equally as marvelous took place, and then the Hindoo arose, saying that he would go to his room.

Every one in the parlor rose and bowed to him as though he were a royal personage, and all said:

"Salaam, sahib."

He then retired.

"Fred," said the professor, "I wish I could study that thing. I suspect hypnotism, and that I've been made to see things through that source."

"Professor, I've studied it myself, and that is the only way. I can explain the matter. We all felt the flesh of the little child. We heard it coo, and we saw it come and we saw it disappear. The Hindoos beat all the world for wonderful jugglery. I've seen him cause a substance to burn its way out of a man's hand without touching it. He simply willed it, and what he willed, happened. I've seen him lay his hand on a pet dog, and turn it to something like a piece of statuary or an imitation dog of jolica ware. Now, I'll tell you something personal about that man. The first time I saw him, he came to New Era as a peddler of strange wares and jewelry. He gave some of us plain rings, as black as anthracite coal, and we couldn't for the life of us find out whether they were made of metal or of coal. They were as hard as steel. The idea suggested itself to me that we form an organization, and each member wear one of those black rings. That is the origin of the organization known all over this country now as the Knights of the Black Ring. It is a secret organization like the Masons and Odd Fellows. We organized with signs and pass words. One night at a meeting, the gentleman from India, whom we knew at that time as a Hindoo juggler, marched into the center of the room, and gave all the signs and passwords of the order, although we had never initiated him. We investigated, and found that he knew all the signs and passwords, and he has been a faithful member ever since, keeping all the secrets. You can lock this door, and he can apparently come through the keyhole as natural as life."

"I'll never get over it," added Mrs. Lambert. "I recognized my grandson and saw him smile and heard him coo, and yet I am sure that he hasn't been out of the cottage at home."

By and by the professor and several others left. The professor and his wife returned in their carriage.

Other gentlemen went down stairs and told of the wonders they had seen.

They all believed the Hindoo was a wonderful juggler who had performed these tricks for the entertainment of Fred and his friends. But they would not believe the baby trick. They declared it a physical impossibility.

CHAPTER VI.

FRED AND THE MAN FROM INDIA AT SUPPER.

Wentworth refused to believe the wonderful stories he had heard.

He laughed and said he didn't believe it; that the Hindoo had simply played some sharp tricks to deceive the spectators. He became very sarcastic.

On Terry's invitation he went into the ladies' parlor to examine the splendid jewels the peddler had presented to Evelyn, Mary, Amalie, and Margie, and he estimated the four rings to be worth a couple of thousand dollars.

He was a pretty shrewd judge of diamonds and jewelry, and he wondered marvelously at the ability of the Hindoo to make such presents.

He couldn't imagine how he could afford to give presents of such jewelry, nor could he imagine why Fred should receive him with such distinguished consideration, and call him his personal friend.

He was a hard-headed, matter-of-fact sort of fellow, who had traveled all over the country, and had met with all kinds of people.

He was in every sense of the term a materialist, who had little or no sentiment. He was a first-class business man, receiving a large salary from the house he represented.

He wanted to see the gentleman from India and talk with him.

"Well, you'll have a chance to see him before he leaves, perhaps. He speaks very little English," said Terry.

"Well, can't he talk plain enough for an ordinary man to understand him?"

"Yes, but he prefers to talk in his native tongue. There are expressions in the English language which he seems to dislike, and he rarely uses them."

"Well, who in this country understands Hindostanee? I understand German and French, though rather imperfectly."

"Yes," said Terry, "and you do not understand English quite as well as you think you do."

"What! You mean that I don't understand English?"

"Yes," said Terry, "not as well as you ought to. The English language is the most difficult in the world, with the possible exception of the Chinese. You know the Chinese have no alphabet. Their writings are simply made up of character."

"What! You mean they have no alphabet?"

"Yes, I do. All Chinese writing is made up of charac-

ters. If you ever studied the characters on a tea-chest you'd be amazed at what you may read on it."

"Well, I can't read it at all."

"Well, you've seen the jumble of characters. For instance, you see quite a number of crooked marks in a bunch, as though a spider had jumped into an ink bottle and crawled out."

"Yes, I've seen that."

"Well, one of those little bunches of characters sometimes contains several paragraphs. When it is translated into English you will find as fine reading as you ever saw. So you see it is possible for a language to have no alphabet."

"Yes, it is possible, but it is mighty hard to believe."

"Say, haven't you learned that it is impossible for one man to know everything?"

"Yes, I learned that long ago."

"Well, you are now up against that very fact. The Chinese language is made up of characters, and the English of letters, and has only twenty-six of them at that. There are more than thirty thousand characters in the Chinese language, and each character is equivalent to a word or a sentence. It is a thousand times worse than stenography."

"Well, do you understand Chinese?"

"No. I understand some of the language. Life is too short for a man to learn all the characters. There are learned men in China who never did learn them all."

"Well, look here, Olcott, how did you learn any of the Chinese characters?"

"Well, Fred and I have been in China, and in Japan, and all through Russia, and wherever we traveled we have studied the people, and their customs and habits."

"Well, how in thunder did Fearnot learn to converse in Hindostanee?"

"Well, he is gifted with a marvelous memory, and took the trouble to learn. He doesn't speak it very intelligibly, but he has learned enough of it to enable him to converse with the man from India."

"Look here, Olcott, you and Fearnot have a way of making fun of people. I don't believe he understands a word of Hindostanee, for it is not taught in this country or in Europe."

"No. I don't believe there is a school of the language in Europe or America, but you must remember that he is an intimate friend of the man from India."

"Well, I want to get a chance to talk with that man. You and Fearnot say he is very learned and speaks more than a score of languages."

"Yes, so he can. He is a very learned man, and yet as simple as a child. He believes in Fearnot, and he has made him his treasurer while he is in America. There is no telling how much the man is worth. He can turn a gold coin into a piece of rusty iron."

"I don't believe it."

"I've seen him do it."

"Look here, Olcott, don't put it on so strong. I don't

like to tell you to your face that I can't believe such a statement as that."

"That's all right," laughed Terry. "As I told you a while ago, one man can't know everything. If you come in contact with the gentleman from India, you should treat him respectfully. You must not try to be funny at his expense. He is a harmless, inoffensive man, but he has mysterious powers which the wisest men of this country have never been able to fathom."

"Oh, tell that to the marines. Why not get him to come downstairs and show me some of the wonderful things he can do?"

"Well, I suppose he doesn't wish to have anything to do with scoffers."

"Oh, yes! He only wants people who believe in his tricks, without questioning. Now, he is simply a mountebank, a real humbug, and you fellows, like a lot of children, believe anything he says simply because you can't understand it."

"Look here, you must be careful how you talk. It won't do to tell me I didn't see those things."

"Oh, I don't mean to do that. I don't mean to hurt your feelings, Olcott, but I don't understand it, and I don't believe you do. You tell me you saw him set a piece of paper afire, and when it burned away there sat a baby on the table laughing and playing with its toes. Now, you fellows must be hypnotized, for man can't make flesh and blood materialize. I'm too hard-headed to believe a yarn of that kind."

"You may believe that you did see such things, for I don't believe you would deliberately lie about it."

"Well, there were several people in the room who caught the child by the hand, danced it on the table, heard it cooing and smiling, and saw it vanish in smoke toward the ceiling of the room."

"All imagination," said he.

"Do you mean to say everybody in the room was fooled?"

"Yes, I do."

"All right. I hope you'll live long enough to learn a few things you don't know yet."

"Look here, Olcott, is it true that Fearnot is claiming him as his guest, and paying his expenses at this hotel?"

"Yes, that is true."

"Well, all right. All I've got to say is that I feel sorry for Fearnot."

"Well, he doesn't need your sympathy. He is able to take care of himself physically and financially."

"I don't question that in the least, sir."

Quite a crowd gathered around listening to the discussion, and for a time it was thought that Terry would say such sharp things to him as to bring about a row between them, but Wentworth was a good-natured sort of a fellow, though he had a sharp, sarcastic tongue. The truth is, the crowd around him couldn't make up their minds to believe half the wonderful things they had heard about the man from India.

They all wanted to see and hear for themselves, but Fred was not exhibiting him for their gratification.

He knew that the Hindoo trusted him, and he determined to exchange confidence for confidence.

He had found him truthful and reliable at all times. Above all, he had been singled out as the only man in America with whom he would trust his money.

When evening came Fred found out that the Hindoo objected to dining in the dining-room with the ladies, though he didn't object to dining with the gentlemen; so Fred asked the clerk if he had an extra room where the Hindoo could sit at the table with no ladies present.

The clerk told him that he had an extra room, and that if he wanted it for the use of himself and his friend he could have it.

"Well, let us have it," said Fred. "There is quite a party of gentlemen who wish to be in the room with him."

So the room was made ready.

Dick and Joe said, though, that they would eat with their wives, as they had seen the Hindoo eat rice many a time.

When he heard of the arrangement Wentworth was extremely anxious to be at the same table, and he asked permission of Fearnot to be one of the party.

"Oh, yes, of course! I don't object."

Nearly all the waiters in the hotel were women.

Two of them were assigned to the extra dining-room.

Fred thought nothing about that, but Terry did, and called his attention to it.

"Oh, well, I'll ask for one of the men to wait on the Hindoo and myself."

Not one of the party who were to sit in that room had seen the Hindoo perform any of his wonders.

When they were seated at the table they stared at him, and Fred gave him a general introduction to them all.

He was very polite, and gravely bowed his acknowledgment of the introduction. Not one in the room was more polite and dignified than he was. In fact, Terry remarked that when he chose he could be one of the most dignified looking men that he ever saw in all his life."

He fairly worshiped Fred, and when he spoke to him, he always smiled sweetly.

No one could shake his confidence in Fearnot's honesty, and he regarded him as being as influential as the Governor of the State, for at New Era and wherever he had seen him he seemed to take precedence over everyone else.

No sooner had they been seated at the table than Wentworth attempted to talk to him over the heads of a dozen others present, and his conversation was extremely flippant.

Fred regretted that he had consented to his being one of the party, but he was too reserved and dignified to rebuke him publicly.

"Mr. Fearnot," he called out, "can you persuade your friend from India to sing a song?"

"No, and I wouldn't if I could. I never heard of his singing in my life. If you know anything about the Hindoo

people, you will know that they are not given to singing songs or acting flippantly in any way."

"Well, I didn't know. You and your intimate friends seem to be very fond of him."

"Yes," said Fred, "those who know him are fond of him. They respect him for his worth. I only wish I knew the tenth part of what he does."

"Oh, come off, now. You are flattering your friend. India is not noted as a country of learned people."

"My dear sir, you don't know what you are talking about. The literature of India is the most profound of any country in the world. They have more learned people in proportion to the population than any country on the globe. You must remember that it is on the other side of the globe, and the light literature of this country is not read in India. All travelers will tell you as much. It is time for you to go back to school, Wentworth."

"Oh, I guess I've gotten through my schooling."

"Well, I hope you have."

He then began talking to him in half a dozen different languages, one after another, while the drummer sat there looking very blank.

"Say, why don't you give me plain English?" he asked.

"Well, you are here among learned people now, and I want to see how much you don't know."

That was rather embarrassing, and the drummer showed it.

"Look here, Fearnot, I can tell what I know in English or in French. I don't believe that is any regular language you are using now."

Fred laughed.

"Oh, well, you may laugh as much as you please, but you won't find anybody around here who can understand it. How is it that this friend of yours can't speak English? How is it that in picking up languages all over the world, he hasn't mastered English?"

He kept on asking questions and making flippant remarks until Fred saw his friend from India was unspeakably disgusted.

He looked at the other gentlemen, but took no notice whatever of the garrulous drummer.

Finally Fred whispered to him, and asked:

"Say, sahib, can't you give that fellow a lesson that will shut him up?"

The Hindoo then fastened his eyes steadily on the drummer's face for two or three minutes, without speaking.

Just then a waiter came in and placed a bowl of rice before him.

He looked at it in silence for a minute or two, and then began eating.

Fred took rice, too, when the drummer began chuckling, and remarked to the others around him that Fred was turning Hindoo.

All the rest of them were helping themselves to steak and fish and other kinds of meats. It was really a sumptuous meal.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE IMPERTINENT DRUMMER.

Fred was in hopes when he began the meal that the drummer would devote himself to that, and not do so much talking.

But he ate and talked at the same time.

The Hindoo paid no attention to him, when some of the other gentlemen present suggested that he eat his dinner and let the gentleman from India alone.

He made some remarks that were really impertinent, indeed, almost insulting. Fred debated with himself the question whether or not to take him in hand and ask that he either keep quiet or leave the room.

He disliked very much to create a disturbance.

It was becoming intolerable.

He began to suspect that the drummer had been imbibing too freely in the bar-room.

Evidently the Hindoo understood every word that he uttered, for suddenly he rose to his feet, raised his right hand above his head, and waved it toward the drummer.

He spoke something in an unknown tongue in a solemn tone of voice. Just at that moment a waitress came in with a tray filled with dishes.

The door closed behind her, and remained shut for a few moments. Here is what seemed to follow.

When the Hindoo raised his hand, another hand, forty times larger than his, shot through the door of the dining-room, seized the drummer around the waist, raised him off the floor, and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. The waitress screamed and dropped her tray of dishes.

Instantly the whole room was in a state of confusion and consternation.

Such a human hand had never been seen by any of them before. Each finger seemed to be as large as a strong man's arm.

When it clutched around his waist, the four fingers seemed to extend from his hip up to his armpits.

It raised him high above the heads of those seated at the table.

The pressure caused the man's eyes to bulge from their sockets.

His face flushed like one in the throes of strangulation.

The man tried to yell, but his suffocation was so great that only a gurgling sound escaped from his lips.

Everybody expected to see him squeezed to death.

Finally the enormous hand relaxed its grip, when the fellow began screaming out most abject apologies.

The expression on the Hindoo's face was utterly unfathomable to Fearnot, but fearing the worst, Fred laid his hand on the Hindoo's arm and spoke to him in Hindostanee.

The Hindoo shook his head, when the man was lowered to his feet, and the supernatural hand released him, and quick as a flash disappeared through the door, which immediately closed.

The arm seemed to be ten feet long from the elbow to the hand.

Everybody in the room could hear the drummer gasping for breath.

The flush on his face disappeared, and it assumed the pallor of a dead man's.

He sat there, drawing long breaths of relief.

Fred looked him straight in the face.

He stood on his feet as if trying to balance himself, and the next moment turned and walked out of the room.

"Good riddance!" remarked Fred.

The other men in the room looked at each other, and then at the Hindoo as he quietly took up his spoon and proceeded to eat his rice.

It seemed that not a man in the room dared to speak.

The Hindoo kept eating without uttering a word.

The waitress and one of the men waiters proceeded to remove the dishes that had crashed on the floor.

At the same time they looked suspiciously at the Hindoo, but he seemed as if he had done nothing unusual.

The waiter and waitress hurried out, but the waitress refused to return to the room.

She hurried down to the kitchen, almost in a fainting fit, and tried to describe what she had just witnessed.

The man waiter appeared to be equally as demoralized.

"Good Lord," he said to the head waiter, "that gentleman from India must be Old Nick himself. That drummer kept on talking at him and poking fun at him, and may I be hanged if the Hindoo didn't rise up, shake his hand at him, when the door flew open, and an arm as large as my body with a hand in proportion shot through the door, seized him around the waist, held him up, and shook him just as terrier shakes a rat."

"Oh, what is this you are giving us?" inquired the head waiter.

"You may ask any of them," returned the other. "That big hand must have belonged to a man a hundred feet high. I tell you each finger on it was as large and as long as my arm from my shoulder to my hand. I thought he would squeeze the drummer in two."

"So did I," said the waitress. "I wouldn't go up there again for my job in this house."

"Nor I, either," said the man waiter.

"Well, somebody must go up there, for the course is not all served yet."

"All the same, I'll leave the house before I'll go back up there. Why, that big hand could knock the whole crowd out, squeeze them to death, and if it wanted to, just knock the roof off."

Their story created such consternation in the kitchen that for a while all the waiters stopped work, but the head waiter directed them to go ahead and attend to their business.

"I'll go upstairs myself and see what is wanted."

He took a tray, went upstairs, pushed open the door, and went in with the burden.

He found the crowd quietly eating their supper. He saw nothing strange.

After he had placed the dishes properly he went downstairs and ordered another waiter to help him with the rest of the course.

The Hindoo had finished his rice, and was sipping from a glass of water.

Fred looked at the waiter in a reassuring manner, and it seemed to restore his equanimity.

The waiter was a shrewd sort of a fellow, and he knew what his business was, and attended to it properly.

Fred's friend from India sat at the table looking first at his bowl of rice, and occasionally he raised his eyes and glanced around the table at the others.

Fred leaned over and asked if he would have his bowl of rice refilled.

"No, sahib. I've had enough."

"Then we will go up to your room, sahib," and with that they arose and left the table together.

The other guests went on with their meal, and several minutes passed without a word being spoken.

Finally one turned to his neighbor and asked:

"Did you see that hand?"

"Yes, it was as big as an elephant. How could one help seeing it."

"What do you think of it?"

"I don't know. I can't even think. I never saw anything like it before in my life."

"Nor I either," put in another.

"But didn't it shut up that drummer?"

"Yes; he hadn't another word to say. But I'd like to know what he is saying downstairs."

"So would I."

"Well, let's go down and see him."

With that everyone arose from the table and went downstairs to look for Wentworth.

He was nowhere in sight.

He had gone to his room and locked himself in without having uttered a word to anyone.

Then every guest who was present in the dining-room began to tell his version of what had happened, and soon everybody in the main office was listening and asking questions.

One man said that the arm that came through the door was as large as an ordinary man's body.

"Yes," said another, "and fully ten feet from the elbow to hand."

"Yes," said another, "the thumb was as large as a man's thigh. The fingers were as large as the average man's leg."

"The waitress dropped a tray of dishes and ran screaming from the room."

"Where's Fearnot?" a score of voices called.

The landlord joined in the chorus, but nobody knew where Fred was.

A half hour later, when fully a half hundred more people had come in from the outside, and when everybody seemed to be in a state of consternation, Fred came downstairs alone.

"There he is!"

"There's Fearnot!" the crowd sung out.

"Look here, Fearnot, what is that friend of yours from India up to?" the landlord inquired.

"Oh, he did nothing," said Fred. "He was fully ten feet from where Wentworth was sitting. He simply raised his hand above his head, when a giant hand shot through the door, grasped Wentworth around the waist, and shook him to make him keep quiet; but my friend from India didn't touch him himself. He was fully ten feet away from him. Now, I want to say that Wentworth behaved in a way very unbecoming to a gentleman. He insulted my friend by his flippant remarks, and he deserved all he got. I am responsible for what I say. He simply had his conceit squeezed out of him, and but for my interference I believe he would have had his life squeezed out also."

"Well, I'm sorry it happened," said the landlord. He was badly frightened for fear he might offend Fearnot's party.

"Well, so am I. But there is no harm done, I guess."

"Well, I hope not. I saw Wentworth come down rather hurriedly, enter the elevator, and go up to his room."

"Well, you had better send up and see what he has to

Several parties went up, guided by a porter, and knocked on his door, but no answer came to the repeated rappings.

"Look here, boys," said some one of the guests, "Wentworth may be dead in there for all we know."

So one of them went down after the chambermaid's key, when the door was opened by the porter, and they entered.

They found Wentworth sitting on the side of his bed, looking as natural as life, except that he was very pale.

"Oh, you are all right, are you?" one of his acquaintances asked.

He nodded his head, but not a word did he say.

"Can we do anything for you, old fellow?"

He shook his head, and motioned for them to go out, so they left and saw no more of him that evening.

The news flew rapidly over the town, and old citizens came to learn the facts.

Margie sent downstairs for Fred, saying that she wanted to see him in the parlor immediately, so he hurried up there.

There he found not only Mary, Margie, Evelyn, and Amalie, but also quite a number of other ladies.

"Fred," Amalie exclaimed, being the first one to reach him, "what is this awful thing that we hear happened to that drummer in the dining-room?"

"Oh, it is just one of the tricks the Hindoo played on him to make him keep his mouth shut! He was talking rather insultingly, and was very impertinent. The Hindoo simply rose to his feet, raised his hand in his direction, and the arm and hand of a giant shot through the door, grabbed him around the waist, raised him clear out of his seat, shook him like a leaf, and hanged if I didn't think he was going to be squeezed to a pulp. I laid my hand on

the Hindoo's arm, and asked him to let him down. He raised his hand, when the big arm and hand disappeared. Now, don't any of you be worried. He wouldn't hurt a friend of mine under any circumstances. It is one of those marvelous mysteries that we can't understand, but the trick was well done."

"Well, did he hurt the poor fellow, Fred?" Evelyn asked.

"No, I don't think he did. Some people went up to his room and found him sitting as quiet as a piece of statuary, but he seemed unable to utter a word. He said there was nothing the matter with him, and that no one could do anything for him. The fact is, he has been frightened out of his wits, and I'm glad of it. I thought I had seen about everything the Hindoo could do in the way of mysteries, but that nearly took my breath away."

"Fred," said Amalie, "can you persuade him to come downstairs again?"

"I don't know. I'll go up to his room and have a talk with him."

"Do so, please. We girls want to see more of him. I believe that he will do anything that you ask him."

So Fred went to the floor above and rapped on the Hindoo's door, but no response came in answer to his knock.

Then Fred called to him:

"Sahib, let me see you."

The door flew open, when he saw the Hindoo sitting quietly in his chair near the bed.

"Salaam, sahib!" said Fred, and he returned a similar salutation.

"Sahib," said Fred. "You did right. That fellow has gone to his room, and the ladies downstairs want to see you. They are my friends, and your friends. Come down, and let's see them."

"Yes, sahib," and he arose and walked out of the room, when the door voluntarily closed behind them.

"Don't you lock your door, sahib?" Fred asked.

"Sahib, it is locked."

"All right," and Fred put his arm through his, and they walked downstairs quietly and ceremoniously.

When they reached the door of the ladies' parlor it flew open of its own accord, and then closed softly behind them after they entered, without anyone having touched the knob. This was another mysterious trick, of course.

The Hindoo bowed to them collectively, and greeted them gallantly.

The ladies bowed low before him.

He had changed his magnificent silk robe for another of a different color. He appeared to be more beautifully dressed than any lady in the room.

Fred tendered him a seat, but before taking it he again bowed to all the ladies in the room.

He singled out Evelyn, and bowed three times to her, with his forehead almost to the carpet, and each time kissed his hand in true Oriental style. And once he said:

"The queen!"

Evelyn paled somewhat in spite of herself.

Then she smiled and he smiled back at her.

Then he sat down upon the chair that Fred had placed for him.

"Sahib," said he, turning to Fred, "give this to the queen," and he took from the pocket of his silk robe a little rosebud, not larger than the tip of his finger.

Fred took it, walked over to where Evelyn was sitting, and extended the bud to her.

As soon as she took it in her hand it began to grow and multiply, and soon it was a large bouquet of flowers, containing every hue of the rainbow.

"Oh, just look at it!" exclaimed Evelyn.

Every lady in the room stood around looking at it, their eyes sparkling, their bosoms heaving, and their faces flushed.

The Hindoo watched them and smiled all the time.

"Oh, my! Can't we have any of those?" several of the girls inquired.

"Sahib, tell the queen those flowers are hers to do with as she wishes."

Evelyn, taking the hint, at once proceeded to distribute the flowers among the ladies in the room.

She gave each lady just one, which proceeded to grow as the first one had done."

The room was pervaded with the richest and most fragrant of odors.

Evelyn walked over to Fred and placed one in his buttonhole.

Then Terry and Dick and Joe received one each.

It was impossible to name any color of the rainbow that could not have been duplicated in that bouquet of roses when they ceased to enlarge.

Each bouquet seemed to be precisely alike.

When each bouquet had grown to the full colors of the rainbow, they seemed to cease growing. They were each as large as a saucer.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WONDERFUL THINGS DONE BY THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIA.

After the incident of the flowers the man from India asked Fearnot for a match.

Fred never carried matches with him, as he was not a smoker.

He looked about the room, as if in quest of a Lucifer match.

Then he looked straight at Evelyn, and asked her if she had one.

"Why no, sahib."

But he looked straight at her and said:

"Give me the one in your hand."

She opened her hand, and to her surprise there lay a match across the palm.

He smiled and took it up.

"My," said she, turning to the other girls. "How in the world did that match get into my hand? I never knew it was there until I opened my hand."

He held it up between his thumb and index finger, and told her to command it to flash.

She did so, saying:

"Flash, please," and the match instantly flared up and made quite a dense smoke.

Then he told her to blow it out. She did so, and instantly the smoke of it seemed to be a web-like film, as large as a lady's veil. As it floated up to the ceiling it assumed the shape of a large pocket-handkerchief, but so light and so thin that it seemed almost as light as air itself.

They saw it floating about, and to the utter amazement of them all in the center of it was an almost lifesize photograph of Evelyn's face.

"Oh, my, look at it! Look at it!" exclaimed nearly every girl in the room.

Evelyn gazed at it in awestruck wonder.

Finally it floated down as if it was going to settle on her head.

She looked at him, when he remarked:

"That's the queen's handkerchief."

She reached up and took hold of it. So light and thin was it that the entire handkerchief could be crumpled to the size of a small cherry.

It was very soft, and almost as transparent as glass.

Evelyn crumpled it up and spread it out, and she never saw a prettier or more faithful photograph of her own features in all her life.

Exclamations of surprise burst from all the girls.

"Sahib, may I keep this?"

"It is the queen's," he answered.

She seemed undecided as to what he meant.

She looked at Fred, and asked:

"Am I to keep it, Fred?"

"Yes, your majesty."

Again she looked toward the Hindoo, when he bowed to her gently.

She crumpled it up in her hands and said:

"I wouldn't take ten thousand dollars for this handkerchief."

"I wonder if it will keep?" said Margie.

"I don't know how long it will keep, but I'll hold to it as long as I can."

Every lady in the room wished to take hold of it and test its strength.

It seemed to be as strong as the best silk.

"Evelyn," said Amalie, "you seem to be the favorite of the gentleman from India."

"Well," she replied, "he is certainly a favorite of mine."

"And of mine, too," put in Fred.

For fully two hours there in the private parlor, the Hin-

doe performed many wonderful tricks, in a very quiet, un-premeditated sort of a way.

At one time the room became filled with a light, the exact color of new gold.

You couldn't feel it with your hands, nor on the face.

The Hindoo said it was the atmosphere of Golconda.

Then the atmosphere changed to what seemed to be fine gold dust that flashed so vividly as almost to blind everyone in the room. It was like an impalpable powder.

It settled down on the heads of the ladies, but passed the men by, and every lady seemed to have tresses of the purest diamonds.

It sparkled in the gaslight.

They ran their fingers through their hair, but it felt as natural as life.

Then it changed to what seemed to be a silver powder.

It couldn't be felt, but it seemed to everyone that she was being literally covered with an impalpable powder.

They rubbed their hands together, and then looked at them.

They seemed to be made of polished silver.

Their hands and faces, their dresses, even their very shoes seemed to be made of pure silver.

"My," exclaimed Margie. "I wonder if we swallow it when we breathe!"

After a while the silver disappeared, and they assumed their natural appearance.

Then the light in the room suddenly died out, and they stood in total darkness, except such light as came in through the windows from the street lamps.

"See the stars," said the Hindoo. Everyone in the room looked overhead, and behold! the ceiling had disappeared, and high over their heads there seemed to be an innumerable galaxy of twinkling stars.

They felt the cool night breeze on their faces.

"I wonder if we really do see the stars and the sky?" one of the ladies asked. "Isn't the ceiling still over our heads?"

Nobody answered the question, but they stood gazing upward for fully five minutes.

The stars then began fading away, as though a cloudy mist was enveloping them.

The gaslight began sputtering, and finally flashed up, and there they stood in the room, looking upward at the ceiling.

Then the gentleman from India made a profound bow all around the room, saying:

"Salaam, sahibs."

And then at the ladies, a simple:

"Salaam!" and the next instant he disappeared.

Where he went no one could tell.

The door was not opened, nor did anyone see him make a step in the direction of the door.

They simply looked at the place where last they had seen him standing, but now he was not there.

"Ladies," said Fred, "I guess he has gone up to his room. We have seen more wonderful things to-night than ever before in our lives."

"Oh, my, Fred! Are you sure he has left the room?" asked Margie.

"Yes. I am sure of it. He is too polite to leave the presence of the ladies without making his salaam. We saw him do that."

"Fred," said Evelyn, "please go up and see if he is in his room."

"No. I will not disturb him. I am sure he will not leave me without bidding me farewell."

It was then about eleven o'clock."

Fred and Terry excused themselves to the ladies and went downstairs.

There they found a crowd of men talking about how Fred and Terry were monopolizing the gentleman from India and keeping them out.

Half of them at least rushed at Fred and asked what he had been doing with the Hindoo, and why they had not been allowed to see any of his performances.

"Gentlemen, I have no control whatever over his actions. He did exhibit some wonderful things to the ladies of our party, such as I would not like to repeat to you for fear some of you would doubt my word."

"Fred," laughed a big fellow, "there is nobody in this house who would call you a liar even if they thought you were one."

"That's right," he laughed. "I'm glad people have respect for my feelings. To-morrow I'll try to explain to you what we saw him do to-night, and I'll tell you nothing but what a score and a half of ladies and gentlemen personally witnessed."

"Well," said one. "I really think you treated us all shabbily to-night, Fearnot."

"Well, I'm sure I didn't mean to. I didn't feel authorized to bring a crowd in on him. He is a strange individual, and certainly one of the most marvelous men I ever knew in all my life."

"Well, can't you persuade him to let us witness some of his performances?"

"Really, I can't say; but I'll ask him to-morrow. But what has become of our friend, the commercial drummer?"

"Up in his room," remarked the clerk. "At least, he hasn't shown up yet. The last I heard of him he was in his room, and a lot of you saw him there."

"Well, what is the matter that he isn't down here, laughing and chatting, and telling all he knows and a lot besides?"

"Well, a man who has had his experience," remarked one, "certainly ought to be content with it. I'm sure that if a giant hand should break through a door and grab me around the waist and shake me I would forever be silent while that man was around. Now, what explanation can you give of that occurrence?"

"Excuse me," said Fred. "I never try to explain a thing that I can't understand. I saw the arm and the hand. I saw it seize him around the body, raise him over the heads

of the others at the table, and squeeze him until I thought his head would drop off of his shoulders, but whether it was an optical illusion or not I don't know, but it looked to me as real as life itself."

"So it did to me," said two or three others who had been witnesses to it.

"I've been told that the waitress who entered the room at that time and witnessed the occurrence has left the house, and will not return until the gentleman from India has departed. They tell me that she has crossed herself a thousand times since she came out of that room. The man waiter has been muttering to himself, and I'm told that his friends who laid hands on him declare that he was trembling like one having an ague."

"Well, most people are troubled about mysteries," said Fred. "But I never let them trouble me no matter how much they may puzzle me. Three years ago, at New Era, I saw him, in the presence of fully fifteen thousand people, pour a glassful of water on a table, lay his hands over it, and then remove them, and that glass of water became a boiling spring. It ran over on the table, then down on the platform and down to the ground, and kept bubbling up till it ran down the side of the hill into the lake. It was cold, pure, clear water. There were no pipes underneath. People could see under the table, and he let it set there for at least half an hour, while he performed other things equally as marvelous. Now, you may think that something supernatural, but as I said before, fully fifteen thousand people witnessed it. Where the water came from nobody knew. Finally he put a stop to the flow by merely laying his hand over the top of the glass. Now, I can understand tricks as well as any man, but where did that water come from? There must have poured at least a hundred gallons out of that glass, for it ran under the seats of the people, down the hill-side, and emptied into the lake."

"Fred Fearnot, I don't mean to dispute your statement," said a man in the crowd, "but that taxes my credulity too much."

The next moment several parties sung out:

"I saw it. I was there, and I saw other things equally marvelous. I can't forget them."

"No," said Terry, "neither can I. It was on the occasion of the grand parade of the Knights of the Black Ring. I saw him take up a rifle and hold it out on his index finger and spin it around like the spokes of a wheel making two hundred revolutions a minute. Suddenly he stopped it by reaching out with his other hand. Then I saw him take up a sword and cut a Winchester rifle barrel clear in two, as easily as you could sever a straw with a razor. Then he sent the two pieces twirling around, and when he stopped them the rifle was whole again."

"Do you mean to say he cut the rifle barrel in two?"

"Yes. I handled a piece of it, and so did scores of others on the platform. Now, whether it is an optical illusion or not I can't say, but I did handle a half of the rifle barrel, and another party handled the other half. They appeared to be cut in two as smoothly as a pipe-stem."

"Say, Fearnot, was it jugglery?"

"I suppose so, but no man ever saw jugglery look so natural. I saw him take another rifle barrel, lay it across his knee, and bend it at right angles as though it was a piece of green switch. Before handing the rifle back to its owner he took it in his hands and straightened it out just as it was before. Now, there is no living man who has the strength to do that, and I have no reason to believe he is any stronger than I am myself. I've seen him pour a dozen different kinds of wine from one glass. Each was different from the other, both in taste and color."

"Well, why can't you persuade him to do those things here?"

"I don't know. I will try it to-morrow."

"Well, I'd give ten dollars to see him take the barrel of a rifle and bend it at right angles."

"So would I."

"So would I," sang out scores of men in the main office of the hotel.

CHAPTER IX.

FEARNOT AT THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL.

Fred and Terry retired to their rooms about midnight, and soon fell into a deep slumber, and slept until aroused the next morning by the first bell for breakfast.

They arose and dressed promptly and started downstairs, when they saw the Hindoo walking slowly along the corridor.

They hailed him with:

"Salaam, sahib!"

He turned quickly, and returned their salute.

Then they joined him, and went out on the upper balcony overlooking the street.

People were moving about, some going to their places of business, while others stood on the street, gazing up at the swarthy faced man standing between Fearnot and Olcott.

Several people hailed Fred and Terry.

Fred replied to them, and he frequently turned to the Hindoo, saying:

"Sahib, those are my friends."

The Hindoo bowed low to them, and hailed them with:

"Salaam, Sahib." They returned his salute by waving their hands, and several of them made low bows.

Soon everybody on the street stopped and gazed at the swarthy man richly garbed in silken robes.

Everybody in the town had heard of the many wonderful things he had done at the hotel.

Several of the hotel guests called Terry down below, saying they wanted to see him.

Terry turned to the Hindoo, bowed low, excused himself, and went down.

They wished to ask if they would be allowed to breakfast with the gentleman from India.

"I don't know. I will go and see." He then went up and inquired of Fred, who, in turn, spoke to the Hindoo in his own tongue.

"Sahib," said he, "I ate my breakfast as the sun was rising in the east."

"Ah, I wanted to breakfast with you myself, sahib." He shook his head, when Fred said to Terry:

"He has already had his breakfast."

Several of them downstairs had spoken to the clerk, making the same inquiry, but when Terry told them he had breakfasted, the clerk said:

"Where in thunder did he get it? I'm sure no breakfast has been taken up to his room this morning."

"I don't know. He says he has had his breakfast, and that is enough for me or anybody else to know."

The Hindoo returned to his own room, to wait until Fred, Terry, and the ladies of their party had had their breakfast.

Quite a number of distinguished citizens came in the breakfast room to inquire of Fred if the wonderful Hindoo would allow the public to see some of his wonderful doings.

"Really, I can't say," said Fred, "but I will present the matter to him. I've been requested to present the diplomas to the graduating class of the Girls' High School to-day, and I'm going to try to get him to attend the exercises with me."

The news spread through the town, and long before the hour for the services to begin, people began making a rush to get in the hall.

Nearly an hour before Fred was to appear the house was so densely packed that no others could get in.

The school girls had to enter a side door, and the graduating class had considerable difficulty in getting to the platform.

Fred and Terry and the faculty came through a private entrance, and when the Hindoo appeared with them, dressed in his magnificent silk robe with his dark solemn face, every eye was turned upon him.

Evelyn and Mary and Margie and Amalie had managed to get in through the private entrance, and were given seats on the platform.

Everyone had heard that the gentleman from India had shown Evelyn marked favors; that he had presented her with a handkerchief so light that it would float in the air, with her photograph in the center worked with the most silk, and that he had pronounced her The Queen.

He sat on the platform gazing at the faces of the people. He singled out a member of the graduating class and gazed at her so intently that she became extremely nervous.

The faculty of the high school asked Fred if the gentleman from India would have anything to say.

"Bless you, sir, I don't know. I never know what he is going to do."

"Well, ask him if he will say something."

"Well, what would be the use of that? He would not

speak in English. He seems to have a dislike to the tongue. When I get up to present the diplomas to the young ladies I'll speak to him in his native tongue, explain to him what the ceremony means, and will ask him to say something."

"All right; do so."

Fred stood by a table on which lay the seventeen diplomas which were to be presented to the graduating class.

The first thing he did after bowing to the audience was to explain who the gentleman on the platform was.

Then he turned clear around with his back to the audience, and proceeded to speak to the Hindoo in a tongue which no one in that great throng could understand.

The drop of a pin could have been heard while Fred was speaking.

The Hindoo looked at him straight in the face while he was talking, without moving a muscle.

Fred then turned and addressed the young ladies eloquently in English. He dwelt upon woman's mission in life, and her influence over the hearts and destinies of men.

It was grandly eloquent.

Then addressing each one of the young ladies separately, he presented the diplomas to them.

The Hindoo watched his every motion, and seemed, at times, to understand everything that he said.

As he addressed each young lady, the Hindoo seemed to focus his black eyes on her face.

Then Fred turned to him, and asked if he would say something to the ladies.

He rose to his feet, stepped up to the table near which Fred had been standing, and took a single rosebud from the vase.

He held the bud in front of his face and spoke to it in a strange tongue, when it began growing, doubling, tripling and quadrupling itself, until there were seventeen roses, of different colors.

He stepped along the line of the graduates, and presented each one with a rose, saying something in that strange tongue of his to each one, until all the flowers had been distributed.

Then he faced the girls, and bowed his forehead almost to the floor, saying:

"Salaam," to each one.

Then he returned to his seat.

"Mr. Fearnot," the president of the institution asked, "will you kindly interpret the words spoken by your friend from India?"

Fred looked at the Hindoo, and spoke to him.

The latter shook his head.

Then Fred said that the gentleman objected to any interpretation of his words.

"I think it will be better for each lady to interpret them for herself. He can't say anything too good to express his meaning, and that is what he desires, that each one shall place whatever meaning her heart desires upon his words."

Just then there was considerable commotion among the graduates, for each had discovered that the flower she had received at the Hindoo's hand was slowly multiplying.

Some of them turned pale, and seemed to be growing excited.

"Ladies," said Fred, "don't be excited. Those roses will grow until there are seventeen in each bouquet, and they will be the most beautiful and the most fragrant flowers you ever held in your life. Every one is a beauty in itself, and the gentleman from India desires that they shall be kept by you as emblems of your own beautiful lives."

The president of the institution then made a speech to the graduating class, and dismissed them.

They returned to the seats which had been reserved for them, and sat there watching their bouquets grow in number and in beauty and fragrance, and of course the entire audience watched them also.

And then they gazed at the gentleman from India.

The whole house seemed to be filled with the rich perfume of the flowers.

The exercises were practically over, but still not a single individual left the hall, for they all remained there gazing at the man from India.

Fred whispered to him, and asked if he would exhibit the little flaxen-haired child to the audience.

"He nodded his head and Fred said:

"Thanks, sahib."

He then stepped forward and said:

"Mr. President of the Girls' High School, I have the pleasure of announcing that my friend from India will exhibit a beautiful little babe a year or fifteen months old, to the mothers and fathers of this audience. He does so at my request."

Then the Hindoo rose to his feet, and drew from his pocket a newspaper, which he shaped like a cornucopia.

He lifted the vase of flowers from the table, and stood the cornucopia with its conical end upwards, struck a match and started it ablaze.

It burned up rapidly, and there, seemingly, to the profound amazement of the audience, sat a beautiful flaxen-haired babe, which at first stared around at the audience, as if surprised at seeing so many people present.

Soon the little thing caught hold of its feet, and began playing with them.

It was heard cooing in a sweet, baby voice by all in the house.

At times it looked as though it was going to lean over too far and fall off of the table on to the floor.

It turned clear around, cooing and trying to jump.

Fred stepped up and extended two fingers. It caught hold of his fingers and stood up on the table and tried to jump up and down.

Its flaxen curls were almost the shade of gold, and its eyes were as blue as the skies.

Hundreds of women in their excitement unconsciously rose to their feet.

"Mr. Fearnot," called out a lady in the audience, "is that child real flesh and blood?"

"It seems to me, madam, as natural and life-like as one of your own babies. The president and several other gentlemen can step forward and feel the baby's feet and hands and arms."

The gentlemen did so, and declared they could distinguish no difference between that and any other child.

Then the Hindoo stepped forward with another newspaper folded in conical shape and placed it over the child's head.

They could still hear it cooing.

Half a hundred ladies in the audience cried out:

"Don't! Don't!"

But when lighted it flashed up quickly and burned down to the marble top table, and behold! the child had disappeared.

But almost up to the ceiling they heard the baby voice cooing and laughing, and could see the little face in the smoke, and as it disappeared, so did the infant.

Several ladies were overcome, and several of them cried out:

"Mr. Fearnot, where is that child?"

"What has become of it?"

"Madam, I can't say," said he. "But we have heard no cry of pain from it, so I infer that it is not hurt. Now, I can't explain this thing to you. It is one of the mysteries of Hindoo magic."

Everybody seemed to be excited.

The ladies were seen fanning themselves vigorously, and one seemed to be utterly overcome.

Nobody was laughing, but there was a strange, mystified look, when they both bowed, saying in clear tones:

"Salaam," and then they disappeared through the rear stage entrance, when the vast crowd began pouring out.

It was undoubtedly the most exciting time ever seen in old Avon.

Fred looked around to find the Lamberts, but neither the old professor nor his wife could be seen, but many of the former graduates were among the audience.

As Fred and the Hindoo entered their carriage, the latter pulled down the curtains on the inside, to prevent the crowd from crowding around to gaze at him.

(Continued on page 25.)

 OUT TO-DAY!

OUT TO-DAY! 

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OR

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 OUT TO-DAY!

OUT TO-DAY! 

Then Terry and Mary, Joe and Ananie, Dick and Margie entered their carriage, and were driven away to their hotel.

When they arrived Evelyn declared that as long as she lived, she would never forget that day in old Avon.

"But, Fred, I looked around everywhere for Professor Lambert and his wife. I don't believe they were present."

"I'm sure they were not. They have both seen our friend from India, and it was not announced that he would appear at the High School. I hope that the professor's feelings have not been hurt."

"So do I."

Professors Brown, Tracy and almost all the others of the academy faculty were present.

Fred and Terry hunted for Professor Brown, and were told that he had gone to the academy with the other teachers.

"How do you know he did?"

"He left word with me that he would dine at the academy to-day."

"That's all right then."

They then went up to the Hindoo's room and found him standing by a window gazing out over the city.

They saluted him ceremoniously with

"Salaam, sahib!" at which he turned and made a profound bow in response.

He seemed to think Fearnot the greatest man in all America, and seemed to be proud to be recognized by him as a friend.

In all his life he had never witnessed such a sight as he had at the Girls' High School that day, although he had faced large audiences with Fearnot in various parts of the country. When Fearnot was not with him, he was usually looked upon merely as a foreign peddler, and was often hooted at and insulted, and sometimes even mobbed so that he was compelled to flee for his life.

But when with Fred he seemed to rest securely under the shadow of his wing.

He informed Fred that he had never been so happy before in pleasing him and his friends.

"Thank you, sahib. You have pleased them, and you have pleased me. I wish I knew how I could please you!"

"Sahib, I am pleased. I have ten thousand dollars in the gold coin of your country in your charge, and if I die when away from you, it is to be yours."

"Sahib, have you no people of your own in India?"

"No, sahib. If I live a few years longer, I shall return to my own country and take my money with me."

"That's right, sahib. Take your money with you when you go. If I can spare the time, when you are ready, I will go with you and see your country."

"Sahib, it is the most beautiful country in all the world, and the people there are good people."

CHAPTER X.

CONCLUSION.

Fearnot advised the Hindoo to give an exhibition and thus make some money for himself.

"Sahib," said he, "there is a hall here that will hold a thousand people, and they will each pay a dollar to see you perform your magic before them."

"Sahib, I will do whatsoever pleaseth you," replied the magician.

"All right. I will immediately advertise that you will perform at the town hall to-morrow night. You need not say anything. I will talk to the people for you as they don't understand your tongue."

Fred had several thousand handbills struck off announcing that the gentleman from India, assisted by Fearnot as interpreter, would perform at the town hall the next evening.

Fred procured the license and attended to the matter for him, assisted by Terry, Dick and Joe.

"Fred," said Terry, "you'll have to be careful, let me tell you."

"What about? What's the trouble?"

"Well, there are some fellows in town who are disposed to make a disturbance. I believe that some of the graduates of this year have become very angry because we have given more of our time to the High School and to your friend from India, than to the academy."

"By George, Terry, I never thought of that!"

"Well, I didn't either, until it came to my ears this morning. They think we have slighted them."

"Well! Well! Well! It is impossible to please everybody, isn't it?"

"Yes, you could not have refused to assist the faculty of the high school in their difficulty. Nobody asked us to speak at the academy. They had selected their orator without saying anything to us about it. We received no invitation to the academy before starting from home, nor have we received any invitation from the Adversity since our

arrival. The fact is, I don't care a snap whether she is pleased or not, but I don't want to hurt the old professor's feelings. But I think the 'Advocate' is at the bottom of it."

"So do I, and neither Mary nor Evelyn nor I will go over there to see her again. I want to let her know that we can be just as independent as she can. We actually went over and asked to see her, and her mother made excuses for her. It may be all right, but she certainly could have received the girls. I'm sure that we are entirely blameless in the matter."

"So am I, and we will just let the matter drop."

Terry went to see Professor Brown about it.

He had been talking with Professors Lambert, Tracy and with other members of the faculty, and he said that he believed it was really true that the "Advocate" was too unwell to receive company.

"That's all right, professor," said Terry, "but she certainly could have received our sisters and the other ladies of our party: so you see we have a grievance, and if you get an opportunity, speak to the professor about it, and tell him just what you heard me say. I went out of my way in my speech at the banquet to praise the 'Advocate' in the highest terms. Her mother and her father came to me and thanked me for it. I have no grudge against either of them, and if I get a chance to see them before we return, I shall tell them so."

"Terry, don't do that," Brown advised. "If you go away without seeing him, write him when you return to New Era."

"Professor, I don't like to go off leaving him with his feelings hurt. I'd rather make explanations to him face to face."

"Suppose you boys go to see him to-morrow. You needn't ask to see the 'Advocate' or the boy. Just shake hands with the boys and leave them in a good humor. I've heard that they have been making complaints of your lighting them. I told them that you both had been well ever since you reached here. It was impossible for Fred to refuse to comply with the request of the graduating class and faculty of the high school, otherwise their exercises would have been a dead failure. I happened to know that the boys of the graduating class urged both Professor Lambert and Professor Tracy to ask you to bring the Hindoo over and give an exhibition for their entertainment, but they both refused to do so."

"Good Scott, are they so badly hurt as that?"

"Yes, it seems so."

"And yet Terry and I contributed fifty thousand dollars to build the hall for the boys. That settles it. I won't go about them again, nor will I accept any courtesies at their hands."

Brown saw that Fred and Terry were both hard hit, in fact they were quite indignant.

As soon as it was known that the Hindoo would exhibit at the town hall on the following night, there was a rush at the doors for seats long before the tickets were ready for sale.

It was quite evident that the hall would be packed.

Terry heard that some of the boys were going to make trouble out of spite.

"Oh, I really do hope they will!" said Terry. "They have forgotten that the gentleman from India can call that big right arm to his aid that so quickly settled the hash of that commercial drummer. It's as easy for him to seize fifty men as it would be to seize one, and he can squeeze them into a pulp. If they don't think so, just let someone start a disturbance."

Of course Terry knew that his words would be repeated, and they were, and it had the effect that he desired.

No man dared raise his voice to make a disturbance.

The hall was packed to overflowing.

Still Fred took the precaution to ask the mayor and police to have a proper guard to keep order.

When Fred and the Hindoo entered the hall, they found it almost impossible to make their way to the stage.

Fred addressed the audience, telling them what he knew about the gentleman from India: stating that he was a man of wealth, and one of the most learned men now in America.

Of course every lady in the town who could attend was present. Fred requested silence and decorum during the exercises, and then he began to tell what was going to be done.

He announced each act on the programme, after which the Hindoo arose, advanced to the front and performed his wonders.

One thing after another followed in very rapid succession.

Nothing was explained except now and then when Fred thought necessary.

Finally some one asked to be shown the great band that had so promptly suppressed the loquacious drummer a few evenings before.

"My friend," said Fred, "that band will only come when the magician thinks it is necessary to maintain order. It is a magical policeman."

Of course no one in the audience felt disposed to arouse that giant arm and hand; so they sat and looked and listened.

Nearly every one in the hall had seen exhibitions of magic and sleight of hand before, but the performances of the Hindoo were marvels of mystery.

They saw things that seemed beyond human power.

Expressions of wonder were heard on all sides.

The little babe appeared from the burning paper, and it cooed and danced and laughed until it won every heart in the audience.

Again a number of ladies and gentlemen asked permission to feel its hands and arms and feet, and without a single exception, every one pronounced it flesh and blood, so far as they could judge.

When it floated over the heads of the audience in the smoke of the burning paper it seemed like an angel with wings.

It kept cooing all the time until it melted away into a misty vapor.

The performance lasted nearly two hours, with quite a varied programme.

Good order was preserved and nobody in the vast audience seemed disposed to make a disturbance.

There were very few things to provoke laughter; the mysteries were so profound that everybody seemed to be subdued.

Probably every student in Avon was present, a silent listener, and they all seemed to be completely awed by what they saw and heard.

Some one came into the hall, followed by a pet dog, and during the evening the dog became alarmed and began to bark furiously.

The Hindoo stopped and looked at the dog, snapping his finger at him.

Instantly the little dog worked his way through the crowd, ran up the steps of the platform, and stood by the Hindoo.

The magician stooped down and patted the dog's head, and instantly the little animal sat up straight on his haunches, and seemed to be changed into a piece of statuary. He never moved again during the entire performance.

After a while the owner called out:

"Fearnot, see what is the matter with my dog."

"Oh, the dog is only behaving himself like a good dog ought to. He will be turned loose when the performance is over."

"Will you guarantee that?" the owner asked.

"Yes, just keep quiet, please."

Several times during the evening parties whistled softly to the dog, but he remained as inanimate as a brick.

When the performance ended, the Hindoo stooped and patted the dog on his head. Instantly he dropped on his feet and made a break to join his owner.

It took the crowd quite a while to get out of the hall.

Fred's party waited for him until and the others could walk leisurely down the stairway.

Many ladies stopped to talk with the ladies in Fred's party.

The truth is, they wanted to get a closer view of the man from India, and they stared at him, as he passed by.

Fred locked arms with him, and they walked across the street to the hotel.

The Hindoo went to his room at once, and that was the last seen of him that night.

But the crowd at the hotel remained up until after midnight, talking about the wonders they had seen. Many expressed surprise that a man with such marvellous powers should be traveling around the country selling trinkets like a peddler.

"Nobody can understand him," said Terry. "Fred comes nearer knowing everything about him than any one else."

"How did he find out so much about him?" a number asked.

"Ask him. I don't know," said Terry. "They are close personal friends. Each has most implicit faith in the other."

"Can't Fred persuade him to teach him some of his marvellous tricks?"

"I don't know. I once offered him ten thousand dollars to teach me that baby trick, but he shook his head. He is generous to a fault. He presented my sister with the most marvelous diamond ring probably to be found anywhere in America, if not in Eupore."

The next morning the crowd again gathered at the hotel to see and hear anything that might be of interest.

That was the last day of the week, but neither Fred nor Terry announced the fact to the public.

They wanted, if possible, to get out of Avon without having to make any explanation to the graduates of the academy, or to Professor Lambert.

So they told the girls to get ready to leave at a certain hour, as their chartered car was waiting for them at the depot.

When they were ready to go, Fred went down and paid

the bill at the hotel, including that of the man from India.

The latter simply walked down to the parlor where he saw Fred, and handed to him a very heavy valise, which neither Fred nor Terry had ever seen before.

"Sahib, there is my money," he said in Hindoo.

"All right, sahib. I'll take care of it for you. Come and see me at New Era."

"I will, sahib. Peace be to you and all yours, and may the beautiful 'queen' reign forever."

He then picked up his knapsack, and saying to all around:

"Salaam, friends. Peace be with you," he disappeared.

No one seemed to know whither he had gone, but when they entered their coach at the depot, he was sitting in a corner, as unconcerned as though he were nobody, and the

train moved away followed by the cheers of hundreds of spectators.

THE END.

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